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THOUGHTS AT THE RAILWAY TERMINUS,
RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE, JUNE, 1847.

Spirits, who haunt these woods,
And 'mid these ruins dwell,
Blest home, where erst religion reared
Her calm and holy cell,
Flee not this desecrated ground,
For many a charm still breathes around!

The scattered cloisters yet
Recall the thoughts from earth!
The towering, warlike castle gives
To darker visions birth!
While the rich wood, the flower-strewn hill,
The rushing stream, are Nature's still!

But graceful fabrics rise
Where once dark forests frowned,
And iron lines, ruled rigidly,
Deface the daisied mound:
While the steam monster's flying train
Pants o'er the fire-besprinkled plain.

Vain labour! transient boast!
Time scoffs at man's brief power!
Points to the abbey's prostrate strength—
Points to the mouldering tower;
But smiles o'er nature's ceaseless hills,
Her patriarch oaks—her ancient hills!

Deep lies beneath the sod,
The mitred abbot's tomb;
Unknown, unsought, unanctified,
It shares the common doom:
And grazing flocks, and wanton tread,
Profane the dwellings of the dead.

Shattered yon castled hold,
Where captive monarchs lay;
Through the dark dungeon's gloomy depths,
The sportive sunbeams play!
And high the wall-flower waves its head,
Where England's royal banners spread!

Bright waters! mighty hills!
Ye saw creation's birth;
Ye are God's work—ye perish not
Like the frail aims of earth!
Even these strong-holds of Mammon must
Yield in their turn, and sink to dust!

Another race shall see
Nature resume her sway,
Trail her dark ivy o'er these domes,
With wild briars choke the way;
And here, by Swale's romantic side,
Muse, 'mid the wreck, o'er perished pride!

THE SKATING REGIMENT.

IN Norway, the ground is overspread with snow for three quarters of the year, and not unfrequently to a depth of ten feet. When a thaw comes, it is only the surface of the mass that melts; and then the next frost of course covers the whole country with a crust of ice. In such circumstances, there is no getting along in the usual way. The people must still ascend the hills and dive into the valleys in pursuit of game; they must still traverse the valleys in pursuit of game; they must still traverse the hoary forests to gather wood for fuel; and they must still journey to the distant towns to bring food to their isolated hamlets. In these excursions, whether long or short, they use skates. Skating is with them neither a mere amusement nor a gymnastic exercise; it is a means of locomotion which the nature of the ground renders indispensable, and a man who could not skate would be unable to walk to any useful purpose.

It is melancholy to think that one of the most delightful winter-customs has, like many other things good in themselves, been pressed into the service of war. In the army of Norway, there is a Company of Skaters, dressed in the dark-green of English riflemen, and armed merely with a slight musket slung upon the shoulder, and a dagger-sword. They are likewise provided with an iron-pointed staff, seven feet long, resembling those used by the Swiss when traversing the glaciers; which serves to balance them as they sweep along the ice, and which they strike deep into the ground when they desire to stop in their headlong career. The staff is also indispensable as affording a rest for their pieces when they fire. Their skates are of a peculiar construction, being singularly long; and when thus shod, it is a strange sight, and in times of peace, like the present, an amusing one, to see the light company climbing with ease the icy hills, gliding down their precipitous sides, and striding, as Klopstock says, with winged feet over the waters, transmuted into solid ground, as if in defiance of the common laws of nature.

Skating was known to the ancestors of the Northmen, if we take the date assigned by some authors to the Edda as evidence, eight centuries ago; the god Uller being represented in the Scandinavian scriptures as remarkable for

his beauty, his arrows, and his skates. The exercise is not mentioned by the Greek and Roman writers, though so well acquainted with all other gymnastics; but Klopstock, Goethe, Herder, and other German poets, sing the praises of the art. In Holland, it is practised, as in Norway, not for its gracefulness, but for its utility; and there it is common for the country people to skate to market. During the famous expedition of Louis XIV., this art of locomotion was used against the Dutch themselves in one of the most curious and daring exploits recorded in history. When the States sued for peace, the terms offered by the pride of Louis were so monstrous, that the people tore open their sluices, and laid the country under water. The frost after a time, however, rendered even this unavailing; and at length General Luxembourg, one dark and freezing night, mounted twelve thousand men on skates, and sent them over the ice from Utrecht to surprise the Hague. The result is given as follows by a writer who takes his facts from a French historian.

"When they left Utrecht, it was clear frosty weather, and the effect of the moon and stars upon the even sheet of ice, over which they swept like a breeze, was truly magical. By degrees, as they advanced, the visible horizon of earth was obscured by vapour, and they could see nothing around, above, or beneath them, but a circular expanse of ice, bounded at the edge by thick gray clouds, and canopied by the starry curtain of the sky. The strange groaning sound which ever and anon boomed along the frozen wilderness, had at first something inexpressibly terrific to the imagination; and as it died fitfully away in the distance, the space surrounding them seemed extended almost to infinity. The sky at length was gradually covered by the vapours rising, as if from the edges of the circle of earth; a veil of dull and hazy white overspread the heavens and obscured the stars; and a dim round spot of watery brightness was the only indication of the site of the moon, by which alone they could now steer their course.

"A rapid thaw had come on; their skates sunk deeper and deeper into the ice at every sweep; and at last, the water gathering upon the surface, as it was agitated by the night-wind that had now risen, assumed the appearance of a sea. The wind increased; the sky grew blacker and blacker; their footing became more spongy and insecure; they plunged almost to the knee; and the ice groaned and cracked beneath them. Every one looked upon himself as lost; and the horrors of a fate hitherto untold in story, and appearing to belong neither to the fortunes of the land nor of the sea, appalled the boldest imagination.

"At length a faint twinkling light appeared in the distance, sometimes seen and sometimes lost in the varying atmosphere; and they had the satisfaction, such as it was, of at least knowing the relative bearings of the place on which they were about to perish. The light proceeded from a strong fort in the enemy's hands, impregnable without cannon; and what added bitterness to their misery, was the knowledge that beyond this fort was a dike, which in all probability afforded a path, however narrow and muddy, by which they could have returned to Utrecht. The fort, however, was the gate to this avenue of safety; and even if they had possessed the requisite means of siege, if it was defended for a single day, they would either be swallowed up by the waters, in the continuance of the thaw, or perish miserably through cold and fatigue. But anything was better than inaction. The water creeping insidiously around them was a deadlier enemy than stone walls or cannon-shot; and they determined at least to make a rush upon the immovable masonry of the fort, and provoke the fire of its defenders. It is impossible to account for the result. It may have been that the sight of so large a body of men rushing in upon them, as if from the open sea, their numbers multiplied, and even their individual forms distorted and magnified in the mist, struck a panic terror into the hearts of the garrison; while this may have been increased by the shouts of courage or despair, booming wildly over the icy waste, and mingling like the voices of demons with the rising wind. But however it was, the gates of the fort opened at their approach, and helpless and half-frozen adventurers rushed in without striking a blow."

MARIA LA FANTESCA.

TOWARDS the close of the seventeenth century, there dwelt in Rome a young girl, whose singular history rendered her an object of universal interest. Her surname was never known, but she was commonly called Maria la Fantesca, or Maria the Servant-girl. She was born in one of the villages near Rome, and at an early age was placed by her parents, who were very poor, in the family of an eminent sculptor. Before she came of age, she had conceived such an admiration of her master's works, that she formed the bold resolution of devoting herself to the study of art; pursuing it at first in secret, but cherishing a hope of one day attaining public success. Maria confided her intentions to an artist who frequently visited her master's studio, and begged of him to give her secretly a few lessons in drawing and modelling; the artist not only granted her request, but induced his friend Dr. Corona to aid him in the instruction of the enthusiastic girl.

The first step gained, Maria devoted every moment she could snatch from her household duties to modelling and drawing; she was never idle. To execute something worthy of her master's praise, was the highest object of her ambition. Life had now new charms for her: if her resolution at any time wavered, or she felt overcome by the difficulties of her task, Maria used to go secretly to the Vatican, and there, surrounded by the great works of ancient art, her enthusiasm was speedily rekindled, and her courage revived. She would pass hours together in looking at her favorite statues, and gazing upon them until she felt her mind thoroughly imbued with their beauty. These were her lessons. She was determined not to fail; and as if aware that in this resolution she possessed the surest guarantee of success, she laboured unremittingly, and overcame obstacles which would have daunted a less hopeful spirit.

The pursuit of sculpture as an art has rarely been attempted by a woman, and difficulties met Maria at every step; still she allowed nothing to turn her from her purpose. She listened eagerly to every word of advice and instruction which she chanced to overhear her master giving to his pupils, and treasured all up in her memory; and afterwards, in her quiet hours, when she had time for reflection, or to pursue her studies, she turned this instruction to good account.

By this steady pursuit of her object, by her perseverance, and a careful economy of time, Maria made a progress that astonished the friends who were in her secret. At length she set to work upon a statue, on which she had bestowed long and anxious thought, and which she hoped to render worthy of public exhibition. She told no one of her project; and it was only in hours stolen from her daily duties, or, more frequently, from her nights' rest, that she could prosecute her work. Two years did the energetic girl labour on in secret, unaided even by the voice of encouragement, but supported by her own enthusiasm. At length the statue stood before her, a finished work! It was a statue of Minerva; and although by no means faultless in execution, its deficiencies in finish and proportion were compensated by a grandeur in the attitude and general expression, and a beauty in the features, which seemed almost inspired. The statue was completed; the last finishing touches were given to it; and Maria had it secretly conveyed to the hall in which the exhibition was to take place. The judges appointed to award the prize to the successful candidate were assembled; crowds flocked from all parts of Rome to the Capitol, and every seat was occupied. All were eagerly discussing the merits of the various works of art exhibited.

It so happened that Maria's master was president on this occasion, and it consequently fell to him to crown with a wreath of laurel the prize work of art selected by the judges. Maria, in her simple servant's dress, unnoticed and unsuspected, had followed in the crowd, and taken her seat in the gallery. With a beating heart she sat watching intently the progress of the ceremony. There was a breathless silence, and the opinion of the judges was at length declared—it was unanimous. Reader, can you imagine the feeling of mingled rapture and amazement which overpowered poor Maria, when she saw her master step forward, and, amidst the deafening applause of the assembled multitude, place the laurel crown upon the head of her Minerva? On every side she heard the praises of the statue, and of the talents of the unknown artist.

Maria returned home, silent and alone; and here a still greater joy, if possible, awaited her. She went back to her ordinary duties, but her face was flushed, and her whole frame leaved with excitement. Presently her master's bell rang, and she obeyed the summons; but when she now entered the room, she could control her emotions no longer. She fell on her knees, and bursting into tears, confessed her secret. Her master looked at her in silent astonishment and admiration, then raising her up, he overpowered her with questions as to the means by which she had attained such proficiency in an art so entirely removed from her sphere of life. Maria humbly and modestly related her story. She told him of the irrepressible desire which first determined her to be a sculptor—the study and labour she had devoted to the art—and all the hopes, the fears, and difficulties which she met and overcame. The good old man listened with deep interest; and embracing the poor girl affectionately, he promised to adopt her as his daughter and his pupil, assuring her that such a beginning augured the brightest success.

Maria's story was soon known throughout Rome, and a universal feeling of interest was awakened in the fate of the self-taught artist. She was courted and flattered, and received into the highest circles, all vying to bestow the greatest honour on Maria la Fantasca; but her joy was no longer the same as that which had animated her in her secret hours of study, when, unknown and unheeded for, she laboured on, stimulated only by the love of her pursuit, and the sole companion of her hopes and aspirations. Then, indeed, she had looked forward with rapture; she now looked backward on the past with satisfaction, but not wholly without regret.

Maria's triumph was of short duration; the brilliant star shone but for a moment, and then vanished. Whilst her fame was the universal theme in society at Rome, she was fast fading away. Excitement and over study had undermined her health, and she fell a victim to a rapid decline. The poor girl had plucked the flower of her hopes, but only to see it wither in her grasp.

WALTER SCOTT—HAS HISTORY GAINED BY HIS WRITINGS?

We have been informed by our elders, that the present generation, brought up under the shadow of a Bulwer and a Disraeli, a Mr. James, and a Mrs. Trollope, is quite incapable of appreciating the particular kind of success which the early novels of Scott obtained. Every one of us has, probably, a distinct idea of what a novel is;—a book, which while in the embryotic state of preliminary puff and advertisement is of neither good nor evil name, but which must be finally brought up for sentence before every man who belongs to a book club, or subscribes to a circulating library. But thirty years ago, neither had the machinery which diffuses Mr. Colburn's publications over the face of the country come into existence, nor was this *prima facie* character of theirs, or rather this absence of character, at all acknowledged. In fact, every novel came into the world with a brand upon it. The trail of the "Minerva Press" was over all. In writings intended more especially for the lower and middle classes, the good old cottage tracts, which used to enforce order and morality with edifying stories of rustic worthies and their miraculous success in life, we remember to have seen the respectable and decorous effusions of Mrs. Barbara Redgauntlet, and such small deer, denounced in language which one would, now-a-days, think strong if applied to Paul de Kock or Pigault le Brun; while essayists, the forcible-feeblers of higher pretension, over whose dreary pages many of our readers have doubtless yawned in the countless editions and imitations of the "Elegant Extracts," sneered magnificently at fiction, as unworthy to occupy the time which a man of intellect must spend in reading, much more in writing it. A few might still cling to a belief in Fielding and Smollett, and the world did actually make clear exceptions in favour of Miss Edgeworth and Mackenzie; but, in glancing at the contemporary criticisms on these last writers, one can hardly help being amused by the evident anxiety shewn to separate them from the class to which they belonged, and the undaunted chivalry with which the critic insisted on saving his author's fair fame, at the expense of a total abandonment to the notice of the common meaning of the most common words. In short, to the largest part of the reading public, including, perhaps, the worthiest portion of it, it must be confessed that the novel, like the polecat, was known only by name and a reputation for bad odour.

This state of things was completely changed in less than two years by the irresistible popularity of Scott. Alike intelligible to all, and appreciable by all, he became at once as much the darling of the milliner's apprentice as of the *bas bleu*; and the overflowing stream of refreshment found a thousand channels, conducting it to regions where nothing so exhilarating, so fertilising, had been known or felt before. But men's prepossessions, though easily enough overruled by a sense of new gratification, do yet, in some degree, demand to be explained and accounted for. There were not wanting persons—among them men of the most various bents, dandy *litterateurs* like Rose; cool, clear-sighted analysts like Jeffrey—who set themselves energetically to speculate on the strange vicissitude in taste through which that department of literature, which was of late shunned by all, had now become the resort and delight both of the undiscerning public and their critical selves. We must remember that but slender count was taken of Scott's peculiar merits—that few would admit his strength to lie in the liberality with which he had drawn on the common and patent stock of every-day life. No break in the continuity of fiction was discerned; the novel was the novel still; and accordingly the change from disgust to admiration looked very much like an impeachment of former tastes and preferences.

The device lighted upon to reconcile the contradiction was characteristic of the day—characteristic of that school of criticism, which, professing the keenest relish for the new born literature it had undertaken to review, persisted meanwhile in the constant endeavour to explain its excellence by a reference to recognised standards, generally but slightly applicable,—frequently governed by conditions of thought and feeling entirely different. The process seems to have been something like this. There is apparent on the face of the "Waverley Novels" a certain connexion with and dependence on History; that is, in many instances the characters introduced are the representatives of men who in their day existed—of what are called historical personages; and the dramatic action and business of the plot frequently profess to proceed in periods, whose chronicles is in the province of History to examine, explain, and develop. This gave rise to the presumption, that it was the deliberate design of Scott to create a literature which should be strictly ancillary to History, and, though filling a subordinate office, should promote the same philosophy and contribute to the same ends. Accordingly, the term "Historical Novels" was invented,—an appellation which Scott himself, who certainly was not ignorant of the real character of history, never (such is our impression,) in one instance, countenanced. Now, History was a good thing: for had it not been so said by them of old? and a Waverley Novel was a good thing, in virtue of one of those facts on which it is impossible to reason. It followed, therefore, that Scott's merits were exactly measured by the degree in which the inherent value of History overbalanced the intrinsic worthlessness of the novel. We are here inventing no imaginary paradox. In proof of what we have stated, we might refer our readers to the "Critical," "Monthly," and "Quarterly Reviews,"—in short, to almost all the constituents of contemporary criticism. There is now open before us an article in the "Quarterly," the writer of which—supposed to have been Lord Dudley—cites in proof of this identical position, not without much jubilant exultation, an edition of "Philippe de Comines," which appeared soon after the publication of "Quentin Durward."

We believe it may be shewn to demonstration, that in these views, frequently urged on a public completely enslaved to the periodical critics, originated this belief in Scott's services to History. We need scarcely add, that the same theory, advanced by abler, or at least more unprejudiced, men, and supported by better arguments, has, in our own day, obtained so widely as to have almost passed into a literary canon. It is, for instance, a leading tenet of Macaulay, who, in several passages, has contrasted the meagreness of History, as long as it was entombed in chronicles, with its vivacious energy after Scott had breathed into the dead bones the breath of life. At the same time it is necessary to remark, that this question of Scott's furtherance of History is quite distinct from that of his influence on it. The first we are heretical enough to doubt, but we think that no one can reasonably hesitate as to the last. For good or for evil, it was an important day for History when Walter Scott first decided on translating from the German, "Gotz with the Iron Hand," the prolific origin of a world-famous progeny. It is true that, properly speaking, there is not at present in England any thing like systematic History written; at the same time, the ground, which in an age more earnest and less accustomed to loose habits of thinking would be filled by the historian, is now occupied by a swarm of essayists, article-writers, and inditers of Historic Fancies,—which last term shall at present only tempt us to remark, that it indicates great confusion of ideas in the era which countenances its adoption. The whole of this scattered literature presents, more or less, the characteristic peculiarity of Scott's influence, the substitution of life-like portraiture and clear, intelligible description, for philosophical comparison and analysis. Look abroad, too, to the schools of literary production which are rising on the Continent. In France, which up to the Revolution, was singularly barren of historians, the new generation has applied itself to vigorous labour in the unoccupied field, and a school of writers has arisen which looks to Scott, principally, if not solely, as its teacher and master. The avowed ambition of Michelet is to write French history as Scott would have rendered it, in a series of romances. In the same spirit De Barante has written his "History of Burgundy;" and all the ingenuity displayed in Thierry's "History of the Norman Conquest" would have been lost to the world if the author's attention had not been riveted by a single passage in "Ivanhoe," wherein is delineated in a few bold lines the Saxon hind, Higg the son of Snell.

This notorious influence exerted by Scott on the whole productive intellect of our period, must necessarily give importance, as his vast celebrity must always give interest, to any inquiry like the present. To exhaust the subject would call for an effective definition of the province and offices of History, as well as a critical examination of Scott's merits and method. We will not even endeavour to answer these demands. It will be enough for us, if the few considerations which we throw out serve to clear the ideas of our readers respecting the real bearing of the question we propound, namely—Did History gain by the writings of Walter Scott?

We shall, perhaps, be pardoned for saying a few words regarding the sources from which Scott's mind derived its nourishment, and the artistic treatment, in conformity with which he developed the results of his mental experience. His intellectual capacities had, we think, this peculiarity, that their difference from those of men in general was not one of kind but of degree. He had a genuine love of the Beautiful—not, perhaps, of moral Beauty, but of that lower form which we denominate the picturesque,—a love which he possessed in common with many ordinary men. But the development in Scott was enormous. He had strong prejudices, so strong, that it is sometimes hard to distinguish him from the fossil Tory of the October Club; though in no instance did his dislikes weaken his appreciation of the beauty and reasonableness, or,

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to speak more correctly, of the fitness and self-consistency, of his adversary's views. He was the most catholic admirer one can conceive. Witness his Balfours and Macbriars, who in the hands of a man equally prejudiced, and less singularly organised, would inevitably have become mere caricatures. And this acute relish for the Beautiful extended to immaterial objects, if indeed it was not especially whetted by them. To whatever thing there attached a chain of associations, however slight and meagre, and however imperceptible to most men, that thing was endeared to Scott. Of this sort is the *virtu* with which his house at Abbotsford is crowded; but, unlike most virtuosi, he prized nothing that was simply rare or curious, while all that bore the faintest relation to persons or events he loved as the apple of his eye. And this idiosyncrasy embraced all existences, which are rarely the subjects of antiquarian zeal, words, sentiments, and tunes. Like the Florentine academicians, who were said to mix disguised with the market-people for the purpose of collecting the *ribaboli*, the rounded idiomatic sayings of the Tuscan peasantry, so of words, phrases, and turns of expression, indicative of the smallest peculiarity in the speaker or the class to which he belonged. Scott was an indefatigable collector and chronicler. Further, he was a subtle observer of human nature—as are many provincial attorneys. But here again his special singularity lay in degree. Indeed, his retentiveness of personal peculiarities seems almost to have amounted to disease. It was not that he had great power of looking into the deeper springs and sources of character—here certain individual deficiencies obstructed his vision—but looks, movements, singularities, and eccentricities of habit or manner he never forgot. And all this can easily be accounted for by the accidental circumstances of his life and education. His physical misfortune had from childhood made him a sedentary observer, and it had been his lot from his earliest years to reside alternately in Edinburgh, then intensely provincial, and consequently a mine of character, and on the Scottish border, a country where the very scantiness of surrounding objects contributes in a remarkable degree to give clearness and definiteness to the associations connected with them.

These, then, were the qualifications which Scott brought to the exercise of his art—common ones enough, but in him almost preternaturally developed. Against these available excellencies we must set various deficiencies, which, were his character as a Novelist only in question, it would be mere cavilling to mention. We allude to charges which have of late years been not unfrequently urged against him; as, for instance, that his perception of moral right was not extremely vivid—that his personal and peculiar ambitions marred the growth of many of the higher and finer aspirations—that his memory and imagination often, and especially as he grew an older man, were allowed to confuse each other—that he was not accurate, and that he was quite incapable of philosophical analysis or combination. But though his reflective powers were, comparatively speaking, weak, his perceptions and sympathies were pre-eminently strong; and when to all this is added the charm of his style, we need not wonder at the witchery he exercises over us, and indeed over the age. The unreflective reader he never tasks, the most cultivated critic he never disgusts; and then all is conveyed in language clear, flowing, and coherent, sometimes most racy and original. It is a free, bold, decided handling, which is and must be delightful, as long as men are men. The whole process is eminently what Carlyle has called "intellectual shampooing;" and besides this, we must allow that his artistic method, when confined to its legitimate sphere, is almost perfect. What was this method, and how it has affected History, it is full time for us to inquire.

We conceive it will be admitted that Scott's treatment of a subject was very much as follows: He drew on his own stores of observation for the characters he required; these characters, so obtained, he transferred bodily into the scene and action of the novel, generally unaltered, sometimes slightly modified by an interchange of individual peculiarities: then he arrayed them in the costume necessary to perfect the illusion, and arranged and disposed them according to his own exquisite appreciation of grace and fitness. In thus stating the case, we have included in the term "costume," not only dress, but also language and other adventitious appliances; for in the Waverley Novels the trick of speech, borrowed from contemporary chronicles or ballads, is as thoroughly adventitious as the buff-coat or the cuirass. The propriety of this treatment is on most occasions unimpeachable. When Scott depicted the Lowland Scotch and his scene was laid in comparatively modern times, the result of his method was full of natural and artistic truth; for in his younger days real Jacobites were not extinct: the Edinburgh lawyer, and the Lowland laird, were what they had been in the beginning of the century; and at this very moment the Scotch Presbyterian peasantry have altered surprisingly little from the typical Cameronian and Covenantant. But then, when his rapid exhaustion of old ground had forced him to change the field of his labours, and he was tempted to thrust his characters farther back into the past, he continued precisely the same process. Scott's early acquaintance, Janet Gordon, not only figures as Meg Merrilies, but also passes into Norna of the Fitful Head, and beyond into the propheticess of Front-de-Bœuf's castle; and the adventurous Scotchman, who is the staple of his heroes, goes through the separate avatars of an advocate of George the Second's reign, a cavalier of the Revolution, a courtier in the time of James I., a Borderer of the reign of Henry VIII., and a *preux chevalier* of the era of the Crusades. But we need not stay to discuss facts so notorious.

That a great and romantic effect was thus produced, is evident. There is all the semblance of a genuine historical *tableau*; the elementary characters are living, breathing men, and they offend us by no discrepancies of manner or costume. But is historical truth preserved? We confidently answer that it is not, and that there is no surer way of contravening the realities of History.

We know no more difficult branch of historical science than that which professes to determine the action of an individual on his age, and the reaction of his age on him. The investigation is infinitely complicated, since the character of its subject varies constantly with the varying influences exerted on it: the man of this year is not necessarily the man of last year, any more than the events of this year are those of the last. The Lord-Protector Oliver is not the same with the Parliamentary general, nor the Parliamentary general with Colonel Cromwell. Now if this is partially true of an individual life, it is certainly true of periods and generations. Each generation can only be the same with itself. Myriads of co-operating agencies—law, custom, literature—have joined to make it what it is, nor could the same result be obtained except under a perfect identity of conditions. Let us test the truth of this by looking to our own characters. Their growth has been determined by circumstances which only a miracle can enable us to recall and enumerate. Every book we read, every conversation we hold, modifies us in some way; and there must be some men whose characters, like coral islands, are built on the foregone labours of millions of their kind. Can we, then, by any effort of thought, suppose ourselves existing wholly in a period other than the present? Scott trans-

ported bodily the men of the nineteenth century into the fifteenth. Can we do the same with ourselves? We can easily imagine ourselves placed among all the external peculiarities of the feudal age. We can picture ourselves blessed by the priest or unhorsed by the knight with a vividness almost sufficient to rival truth; but no strain of the imagination can transform us into men, accepting all this in the light of common every day incident and accident; living continually under the influence of the universal Church, and looking on the iron circle of feudality as the unquestionable dispensation of Nature. It is just as impossible for the most imaginative among us to substitute for his own the sympathies and antipathies of a past age, and it was evidently then for the most resolute and advanced thinker to exhibit conclusions, tallying even distantly with the views we are in the habit of accepting as common-places. They can never come to us, and we can never return to them.

We are aware that it may be urged, in reply to these arguments, that, although we have not gained by Scott's treatment in the way of absolute truth, we are yet gainers by the removal of absolute error; and that though his *tableaux* do not give us the real men of the age they present, they have yet a sort of negative reality, in that they serve to weaken a besetting tendency to look on historical characters as mere names and abstractions. There is weight, no doubt, in this reasoning, and, so far as it goes, we gladly acquiesce in it; but we are not the less convinced that Scott engendered a large amount of new error to be set against that he removed. The Novelist will almost necessarily, in the spirit of his art, depict scenes and characters which, although for the sake of verisimilitude there must be in them some admixture of error, will yet, on the whole, be interesting and attractive. The consequence is the introduction of a kind of rose-coloured medium which, by harmonising all objects, produces deception just as much as if it distorted them. We are the more anxious to insist on this, because we are convinced that what are called Young England views have originated in these falsifications of history; and, indeed, the birth of these theories is in itself sufficient to prove that no one can tamper innocently with historical truth. Representations, purely but avowedly imaginative, are not without a peculiar danger of their own, and much more dangerous are those but partially so. Fiction cannot border on reality without creeping under its robe: indeed, men will do violence to themselves for the purpose of investing the first with the dress of the last, in much the same spirit as that in which the English yacht-voyagers to Copenhagen have determined the position of Ophelia's grave, and of the pool in which she drowned herself. And, after all, the advantages conferred by Scott's treatment are but equivocal gain, if we are compelled to accept with them intimate and substantial misrepresentations of historical periods. It was, no doubt, somewhat of an absurdity to see Garrick acting Richard the Third in a court-suit and powdered wig. But we should very dearly purchase our present attention to the proprieties of theatrical costume, if we were compelled to retain Colley Cibber's alterations in the text of the same play, in which the stilted rhetoric of the eighteenth century jostles the racy eloquence of the Elizabethan period, and 1750 and 1600 go hand-in-hand.

We said that we did not mean to hazard a definition of the historian's province. We will, however, venture thus far, and assert that his office is to note and comment on the *differences*, not the resemblances or the peculiarities of successive ages. If the experience of the Past is to benefit us at all, for doctrine, for example, or for reproof, it must be in virtue of a power to make allowances and deductions for the discrepancies which hold between it and ourselves. Otherwise, each separate period is insulated in time, and has no connexion with, or relation to the ages which precede or follow it. Now for this branch of thought Scott was peculiarly unfitted. Our readers may, perhaps, remember a celebrated passage in Bacon, in which he distinguishes between *ingenia subtilia* and *ingenia discursiva*, and then adds, "*utrumque ingenium facile labitur in excessum, alterum prensando gradus rerum, alterum umbras.*" To the first class belonged the intellect of Scott. He loved to linger on the *gradus rerum*, on those small particulars, which, at some period in the mental experience of all, are full of interest and even of beauty. But to the last division we must emphatically assign the intellect of the man who possesses what is called in German the "*historical sense*," and we know no better example of a writer so endowed, than David Hume. With some remarkable deficiencies, as for instance his incapacity for appreciating enthusiasm and religious faith, he had yet a distinct historical theory, and a full comprehension of national progress and social advance. He has in his day done more than any other man to show how the mere indications of one age become the sharply-defined characteristics of the next, and to demonstrate the fore-ordained aim and ultimate union and convergence of those innumerable, seemingly irreconcilable particulars which Scott and his school treat as distinct and isolated facts.

It is very difficult to take up a volume of Scott in anything like a spirit of critical examination. One cannot read him in cold blood. He sets all one's tastes and sympathies working at once to the dire distraction of the reason. Flooded by his humour, and exhilarated by his heartiness and freshness, one lingers in the company of his gloriously life-like creations about as much disposed to question their title to the name they bear, as an opium-smoker to doubt the existence of his imaginary Houries. And here again Scott's admirable tact throws us at fault. We are never *taken aback* by a virtual paradox. Even in his delineations of single personages, where no more than an ordinary acquaintance with history at once convinces us that there is a misrepresentation somewhere, its exact nature is most difficult of detection. The dark side of a character, the remorseless cruelty of a Claverhouse, the mean-spirited selfishness of a Leicester, is always indicated—subdued, it is true, in tone, but still never wanting altogether. By this appearance of fairness, one's ideas on a broad question of right and wrong become strangely biased in the teeth of oneself and one's convictions. There is a fallacy, certainly; it lies in the balance of motives; the writer has deceived us by his crafty adjustment of the scale; but not one reader in a hundred has the courage or the inclination to look farther than the conclusion of the process. And, if Scott can thus mislead us in cases where it was probably his deliberate intention to produce a certain and given effect, the danger of deception is much greater in instances where he himself sinned unknowingly and unconsciously against the truth, in his transpositions and translations of scenes and characters whose nature and peculiarities were due solely to the influences of his own age, upon the discordant world of the Past. Even more deceptive, as well as more untrustworthy, is the general result, when such methods are applied to the description of whole states of society and periods of history, with their complicated enginery of agency and consequence. We know but one way of keeping our eyes open. Let us not look to Scott, but to his imitators. Coleridge has somewhere said that pathology is the test of physiology. Examine things in their diseased form, and you will learn their true nature. Now we presume no one imagines Mr. James' novels to be real presentations of the past. If the eternal couple

of knights, who open the tale by riding through impossible scenery at sunset, if the unnatural incident, the common place morality, the dialogue forced into stilted quaintness, if all these, as brought out in the inimitable *Barbazure*, constitute a genuine historical picture, then is History something more uninteresting than an old almanac. And yet detach a *Waverley* novel from its accidents, and the *caput mortuum* is a tale of Mr. James. Apart from Scott's taste, from his accuracy of detail, from his wit, from his humour, from his knowledge of human nature, these absurdities represent not unfairly those elements of his productions which bear directly on History.

God forbid that we should detract from the true fame of this great man. A veritable Nemesis would avenge so ungrateful a return for the hours of delight we owe to him. But we have distinctly said that the novelist, as such, is not the object of our strictures. We only lament that his method should have proved so fruitful of questionable consequences. In our opinion he might have adopted a different treatment without detriment to his peculiar excellences. He might have written always as he wrote occasionally, that is, he might have bestowed the additional pains necessary to give an artistic form to the materials with which he was so freely provided, without resorting to the deceptive illusion of a pseudo-historical garb: or perhaps he might have emulated the far more difficult achievement of describing the past as it really existed, and of illustrating, not creating it, by his acquaintance with the present: or he might at least have kept the subject and its accidental vehicle so far apart as partially to obviate all danger of misrepresentation. This last appears to have been the method of Shakespeare, who almost takes pains to separate the characters introduced from the scene of introduction. The existing laws of the stage compelled him to transact his stage-actions at Verona, Venice, Padua, Athens—anywhere but in Elizabethan England. But his *Veronese* Gentlemen belong to Paul's and the Temple, Iago and Cassio smack somewhat of Alsatia, Dogberry and Verges are redolent of the Fleet, and some Stratford weaver certainly sat for the Athenian Bottom. Moreover, in the historical plays, in which nothing but the bare skeleton of fact is present, all historical consistency is systematically neglected. With Scott, on the contrary, there is a deliberate effort to identify the fictitious with the historical scene.

But we will not be tempted to mingle questions, which are in reality distinct. From taking Scott as our guide and instructor, we are learning to prefer to patient thought and candid investigation, an easily-induced attention to the imaginary graces and prettinesses of the past,—

"Le donne, i cavalieri, l'arme, gli amori,
Le cortesie, l'audaci imprese."

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

There is no subject perhaps which is so often mentioned, but so little understood by the public in general, as that of the 'nerves.' How often do we hear all classes of the community refer any unpleasant sensation or fanciful ailment to their being merely nervous; little understanding, however, when they make use of this term, what possible connection there can be between their feelings and their nervous system. Perhaps we shall surprise them when we mention that they can neither eat or drink, walk or talk, nor perform any action whatever, either voluntary or involuntary, but through the medium of their nervous system—a 'system' the nature and functions of which we shall here endeavour to explain.

In man and other vertebrate animals, the great centre of the function is the brain and spinal marrow; the latter a prolongation of the brain, as it were, down the spine. Now this great centre of nervous matter is endowed with two distinct functions. 1. That of being able to convey motor power to the muscles, by whose agency we are enabled to perform all the ordinary actions of the body, all the movements of our limbs. 2. That of sensation, which is of two kinds—common sensation, or that feeling of pain which is produced on the injury of any part of our body: and special sensation, to which are to be referred the five senses—of feeling, of sight, of hearing, of smelling, and of taste. From this mass of matter, capable of endowing the parts of our bodies with the power of motion, and of feeling or sensation, numerous trunks are sent off to all parts of the human frame—ramifying over its structure to such an inconceivable state of minuteness, that we cannot touch any part of our body with even the point of a needle without being conscious of pain, proving that some part of this great nervous centre has been injured or excited into action.

The great nervous trunk which supplies the lower extremity of man is equal in thickness to his little finger; divide it, and he loses all power of moving his limb, all sense of feeling: the limb, to all intents and purposes, is dead; and, deprived of its nervous influence, mortifies. This power of endowing parts with motion and sensation is situated in two distinct structures, of which the brain and spinal marrow are composed; and anatomists, from their colour, are accustomed to call them the white and the grey matter. In the brain the grey matter for the most part is external, enclosing in its folds the white matter; whilst in the spinal marrow it is internal, being completely surrounded by the white. Now, as a general rule, all the nervous trunks of the body and their branches, with the exception of nerves of special sensation, are composed of fibres derived from these two sources—that is, from the white and the grey matter; and these nervous trunks are conductors of that change produced in the nervous centre by the influence of the mind, which gives rise either to motion or sensation. But a most extraordinary fact, and one which is capable of being proved by direct experiment, is, that the change which takes place, to give rise to the phenomena of motion, has its origin at the great nervous centre, the source from which the trunks arise; and further, that this change takes place in the white matter. On the other hand, the change which gives rise to the phenomena of sensation takes place at the extremities of the nervous trunks—that is, at their ultimate distribution; and this change takes place in the grey matter.

The anatomist, in his dissections, is able to prove satisfactorily the origin of these nervous trunks; and he finds that all those arising from the spinal marrow, and most of those which are said to arise from the brain, do so by two roots, one of which is connected with the white matter, and the other with the gray. He can, and has still farther proved by experiments performed on the living animal, that irritation by pinching or pricking of the root which arises from the white matter gives rise to no sensation, as the animal shows no signs of suffering whatever; but irritate the root arising from the gray matter, and evident signs of suffering are immediately induced. Again: if in the dead animal we excite muscular contraction by means of galvanism, we must send the charge of electricity through the limb by means of the root arising from white matter, as no effect would be produced if we attempted to do it by means of the root arising from the gray. Allowing, then, the fact, that these nervous trunks are composed of two sets of fibres, one conveying sensitive, the other motor influence, let us apply it to practice.

Some part of the body meets with an injury—a change is immediately effected in the extremities of the sentient fibres, sensation is developed, and the change thus induced is conveyed by the sentient fibre to the brain, and through its medium to the mind. Through the mysterious agency of the mind, then, the motor power of the great nervous centre is brought into action, and a change is induced; this change is conveyed by the trunks to the muscles supplying the injured parts, or to other muscles, by whose combined action it is removed from further injury. But it is not necessary that an injury should be inflicted that motor influence should be generated, as the mind has the power of inducing it at will. All the movements of our bodies are effected by muscular action, and through the agency of the will. We move not a hand or foot, nor look at an object, without the mind having first willed that it shall be done.

But there are many actions in the human body which are performed independently of the will, though evidently under the influence of the mind, and through the medium of a nervous system; and this system is called by the anatomist the sympathetic. It consists of a number of little knot-like bodies called by the anatomist ganglia, which are extended along each side of the vertebral column—the whole of these ganglia being connected, by means of fibres, together. Now, it appears that each of these ganglia is capable of generating nervous influence, independently of the brain; hence each may be considered as a distinct nervous centre. The trunks arising from these ganglia are distributed principally to all those organs on which the vitality of the body depends, which are employed in secretion and its nutrition. It is the medium by which all parts of the body are brought into relation with each other, so that no one part shall become diseased or injured without the rest sympathising with it, and indirectly, therefore, becoming affected as well. Familiar examples of this fact are of every-day occurrence: a violent blow on the head will produce vomiting, owing to the sympathy which exists between the brain and stomach; and *vice versa*, a blow on the stomach will produce fainting, and even death, from the shock to the nervous system, and the arrest of its influence through the medium or the brain.

And now let us turn our attention once more to the influence of the mind over the functions of the body, through the agency of this part (the sympathetic) of the nervous system. We will here select a few familiar examples. What is referred to when one's mouth is said to be 'watering' at the sight of some favourite fruit or food, is dependent on the influence of the mind acting through the medium of the nervous system supplying the organs secreting the saliva. Tears, again, are abundantly secreted under the moderate exciting influence of the emotions of joy, grief, or tenderness. When, however, the exciting cause is violent, they are suppressed; hence, in excessive grief, the anguish of the mind is lessened on the flow of tears. Fear stops the flow of saliva; and it is a common practice in India to detect a thief among the native servants by putting rice into their mouth, and he whose mouth is driest after a short time is considered the culprit. Under mental anxiety, persons become thin; freedom from its favours deposit of fat. It would be an endless task, however, to recapitulate the many examples that could be brought forward proving this influence of the mind; so that nervous complaints must be looked upon as disorders of the mind, and not of the body; cure the one, and you will cure the other.

Mental Influence having then this power over the functions of the body, we cannot be surprised at many diseases being a consequence of its depraved or abnormal condition. Nor can we be surprised at many of the remarkable phenomena displayed by mesmerists: their patients on whom they exhibit are generally highly sensitive, with minds naturally liable to become excited under the manipulations of the operator. For this reason, also, homoeopathy, hydropathy, &c. have succeeded in curing many patients of their fancied ailments, because it only required some strong excitement to remove the morbid mental impression. Hence change of scene and diet, change of usual habits (for all the followers of these systems make it imperative on their patients to follow implicitly certain rules), and lastly, and not least, a full determination, desire, or will on the part of the patient himself to get better—have succeeded, in a variety of complaints arising from mental causes, in effecting a cure.*

THE MERCHANT OF MARSEILLES.

Those who have been at Marseilles will remember that vast building on the quay (close to the Hotel de Ville, and in the same style of architecture), which, though now subdivided into warehouses, bears token, by the unity of its design, of once having been in the possession of one owner, and originally intended for one purpose. That great building was long known as the Hotel St. Victor, and belonged to the wealthy family bearing the name.

In the year 1700, he who bore the honours of the house was in trouble. His firm, for years the largest and richest in Marseilles, was on the eve of bankruptcy; their credit, which had stood for ages unimpeached, was tottering to its very base. He was a man in the prime of life, that St. Victor, but the dark fine hair was thickly strewn with silver, and the broad brow was furrowed by lines that care must have planted there. All around the room in which he sat, silent and alone, might be seen the evidences of the wealth once possessed by the family, and of the luxury in which they had been accustomed to live; rich furniture, velvet and gold, mirrors, carvings, soft carpets—rare luxuries in France even at the present time—trinkets, pictures, all that money could purchase or taste could select, were gathered in that splendid apartment. Each panel of the walls contained, or had contained, the rarest paintings, of large size, and mostly by the Italian masters; but it might be observed that some of them had been recently displaced, and such—as the marks on the walls testified, had been of greater size than those remaining, and, doubtless, of greater value, though those still hanging on the panels were meet for the palaces of kings. Above the high mantel-piece, of pure white marble, with its elaborate decoration, and majestic proportions, hung an oval portrait—the portrait of a young man. It was a fair, radiant face, with an open, happy expression, and surrounded by soft, falling hair. It was the portrait of St. Victor—but of St. Victor long ago. Every now and then, and mechanically, as it were, the man, amid his sad, silent musings, would raise his eyes to the bright picture of the boy. What a contrast did these present!—the one, how beautiful—how happy! the other, how mournful, and how wan!

The door opened, and an old man entered. He was old enough to be the father of St. Victor; but it was only Devereux, once head clerk to the house of St. Victor, now a substantial merchant of Marseilles. The dress of this person was warm and rich, his gait was feeble, and he leaned heavily on his staff; his brow was also furrowed, but the lines were those of age and thought: there was much of harshness, of pride, of determination, to be traced on his

* The reader will receive this explanation of mesmeric phenomena as a hypothesis representing only the individual opinion of the writer of the above paper.—Ed.

countenance, but none of that woeful anxiety which seemed withering up the manly prime of St. Victor.

The latter rose at his entrance, and moved towards him with evident pleasure,—

"Devereux!" he exclaimed—"Welcome!"

But Devereux put back the offered hand with a smile, and said,—

"To-morrow, St. Victor, all those bills I hold of yours become due."

St. Victor started.

"'Tis so, I know; but I am safe, for you hold them; and you will not press me."

"You miscalculate, St. Victor," said the old man, coldly. "I shall want the money."

St. Victor tried to laugh.

"You know, Devereux—you know it is impossible that I could meet the demand. I could not take up one of those bills, far less the whole number."

"I want not the amount of one, nor two, nor three, but of all; and 'tis this I come to say."

"Devereux," said the debtor, with a cheek as white as ashes, "you might throw me into prison, you might ruin my credit and my name for ever; but I take Heaven to witness, I could not raise one-half the sum, though it were to save my soul. What mean you? Is it not as a friend that you have become the holder of those bills?"

The creditor rose to his feet.

"No!"

The poor debtor groaned aloud,— "It was not always thus. Why do you now turn against me?"

"I turn not now," answered Devereux. "I have longed for this hour—sought it early and late—lived but for it! You wronged me once, St. Victor, but my revenge is at hand! Yes, they shall be thine! the disgrace of bonds, the ignominy of the prison—proud, beautiful, beloved St. Victor! I shall triumph now!"

Does the old man rave? This St. Victor, shrinking, bending before him, weary, careworn, with dark locks so sadly streaked with white—this world-broken man! How is he worthy such epithets!—"proud, beautiful, beloved."

But the old man speaking thus, looked not at his wondering auditor; his eyes were raised to the bright, smiling portrait, and to that he spoke.

Devereux continued,—

"Ah! St. Victor, dost thou remember, long ago, when thou wert a young gay gallant, and I but a poor clerk in thy father's prosperous house! When you, the young heir, wert but a boy, I was past the season of youth. When you attained your brilliant majority, I, Devereux, was a man of sober middle age. But I loved, oh! passionately and truly, loved for the first time, and even yet, St. Victor, that love is here!" And he laid his withered hand upon his heart.

"She was very beautiful and good, that girl, and she accepted my suit; we should have been happy, but you came. I need not tell you how it was; how soon the young, the dazzling St. Victor won from the plain clerk that heart, with all its wealth of love; how soon I was forgotten and discarded, how deeply you were loved. I need not repeat all—all my efforts to retain her, all my pleadings—pleadings poured vainly on the ear of passion—pleadings both to you and to her. But I will remind you of one day, when, scorned by her in your presence, I made a last appeal—an appeal to her faith, her honour,—to your generosity, your pity, when, stung to madness by the sight of your happiness, I ventured on bolder words than, perhaps, I should have used, and you answered by a blow! Yes, St. Victor, you stooped to that!—you struck the poor clerk, rendered mad by his injuries and agony of mind—you answered by a blow! But you were happy, and you soon forgot that circumstance. Soon the maiden died—"

And here his voice, that failed and faltered, his eyes, that seemed to dim with tears, his lips that quivered, gave tokens that he spoke the truth when he said his love for her yet lived. And the poor debtor, while listening, forgot the troubles of the moment, thought not of the present. The past, with all its sorrow and its joy, its unimaginable happiness, its unimagined woe, was his again.

Devereux continued:—

"The maiden died. Well for her she died, before your love grew cold, before she learned how much she had cast away for ever. She died before remorse or retribution could arrive: she died in your arms! Above her grave we met again. My love must have been strong, St. Victor, since it conquered my natural pride and brought me to that grave—a mourner. You were sad—subdued; you extended me your hand, you prayed that all might be at peace between us—that all might be forgotten. I took the offered hand—it was necessary that I should dissimulate—and I said that I forgave. Time rolled on, you overcame your grief, you married again, you inherited your noble patrimony, you became the head of the great house of St. Victor. I left you, but before I quitted your employ I had prepared the way to ruin; I had sown the seed of all that hath followed, and is yet to come. I, also, married for the sake of wealth. I entered upon business; I struggled hard; I have not toiled in vain; I am now the richest man in all Marseilles. My wife is dead, but she has left me one son, the only thing I love; for him and for this vengeance I have worked and lived!"

"And for his sake," exclaimed St. Victor, "you will have mercy upon me; if not on me, on my wife; if not on me, on my children!"

For a moment the hard eye softened, and the face assumed an irresolute expression, but it was only for a moment. His answer was—

"No! the anguish, the shame of a life, shall not pass unavenged! To-morrow, and St. Victor shall be the wonder and the scorn of all Marseilles!"

"Ah, Devereux! think not, I beseech you, of that hasty act! Think rather of my long-felt, long-shewn trust in you; think of my father, how he loved and trusted you; think how ours has been, for years, the first house here. What a terrible thing this would be! the head of the St. Victors arrested—arrested, and by you!"

"All this," answered the creditor, "that you urge against the act, but stir me more deeply towards it. To-morrow, and I have my revenge!"

"Give me but a day, Devereux, and I will essay to raise the money. Give me a week. The ship Volant, my last venture, is expected ere the week is out. Give me but until her return. Her cargo is of ore and diamonds; if she comes laden, as I hope, I may meet all demands, and save, at least, my honour. Give me but time!"

But the creditor smiled as he replied,—

"Not an hour!"

"Oh, Devereux, have some mercy!" and St. Victor sank upon his knees, clasping his hands in agony.

Just as the creditor opened his lips to reply, a howling blast of wind shook the windows of the room, and moaned wildly down the wide chimney. He paused and started.

"My son is at sea: God grant there be no storm!"

He approached the casement, he gazed anxiously forth. Evidently he thought only of his young sailor, nothing of the suffering debtor at his feet. The debtor rose,—

"That wind is fair for the Volant; Heaven send her safe to port!"

A voice was heard upon the quay beneath,—

"The Volant! the Volant!"

Creditor and debtor rushed to the window.

"What of the Volant? What news of the Volant?" shouted St. Victor from the casement.

There was an eager group upon the quay; many had friends or relations in the expected vessel; some had shares in the rich freightage; fifty telescopes were levelled at the horizon; a hundred voices were loud in assertion, denial, conjecture; but all agreed in one point, that a vessel was in sight and making towards the port.

"'Tis the Volant, five days before her time!" said an old sailor, who had been gazing long and eagerly through his glass. "I would swear to her top-gallant-sails among a thousand. 'Tis the Volant!"

"And I may yet be saved!" murmured the debtor.

The creditor turned fiercely upon him:—

"Triumph not yet, St. Victor!" he said, "she is yet far away; the perils of the deep sea are many, and between her present course and this harbour the sands are shifting, and the rocks are dangerous. Triumph not yet!"

But St. Victor, wild with hope, heeded him not; and the old man, muttering angry threats and denunciations, quitted the hotel and took his way home.

His residence was also on the quay, not far from the Hotel Victor, with his windows also looking upon the busy scene of the harbour—upon the dark distance of the sea. As with slow and feeble steps he retraced his way, he paused amid the throng now momentarily increasing on the pier. Even to his feeble vision a dim white speck was visible, just between the deep blue of the sky and the deeper purple of the ocean.

"If it is the Volant," said one, "we shall hear the gun for the pilot soon."

The old man turned away.

"I would that she and her cargo were deep within the sea!"

He reached his own door; as he paused ere entering, some one addressed him. It was Jean, the pilot, whose turn it would be to answer the signal gun of the Volant.

"Hast thou any commands, Master Devereux?" asked Jean.

Devereux made no reply, but, opening his door, he ascended his stairs. The pilot followed. Devereux entered his apartment and closed the door: Jean stood within.

He laid his hand upon the springlock of an ancient bureau, and the carved portals flew wide at his touch: there were many bags of gold within.

"The half of this," said Devereux, "I would give, that the Volant were deep within the sea."

The pilot spoke,—

"Give me all, and it shall be done." Devereux hesitated for a moment.

"I will give thee all."

The gun sounded, and the pilot hurried to his post. The pilot-boat sped merrily across the waves; but night was falling over blackening waves and whitening foam, and ere she reaches the Volant, neither boat nor ship were visible.

The dawn of morning shewed the Volant stranded on those dangerous rocks so well known to the pilots of that sea, the rocks on the right of the entrance to the harbour. But with the morning came a calm; the wind fell, the turbulence of the ocean subsided to a gentle swell; and so near was the Volant to the shore—so hushed was the tempest, that the voices of those within could be distinctly heard upon the pier.

All that day boats went to and fro between the wreck and the shore; all the rich cargo—the heavy ore—the caskets of precious diamonds, were safely landed and consigned to the warehouses of St. Victor: even the good ship herself—lightened of her load, somewhat strained, but still sound and buoyant—was saved.

The pilot stood before Devereux, claiming his reward. But the latter sid,—

"The freightage and vessel are saved."

"No fault of mine," muttered Jean. "I have done my best, the tempest fell just as she grounded, and she lived through the night."

Devereux flung him the gold: he dared not resist the claim. As the pilot was passing from the presence of the old man, he turned and said,—

"One life hath been lost!"

Devereux was indifferent to this; he made no comment. The pilot continued,—

"Not one of the crew, but a youth they were bringing home—a lad of Marseilles; his vessel had stranded in the Straits."

Devereux recked little of this death. Why did the pilot persist in talking of it!

He resumed the subject.

"The boy was washed from the decks by a wave just as she struck; it was dark, and there were no means of saving him."

Devereux coldly replied,—

"Poor youth! I am sorry!" then turning to his previous occupation, he shewed that he desired the absence of the pilot.

But the man still spoke,—

"They have tried all means of restoration, but in vain; it is a pity, for he is a fair youth, and seems of gentle blood."

Now Devereux became impatient. Why should the pilot linger still, tormenting him by this idle recital? What was all this to him?

The pilot repeated the last sentence,—

"He seems of gentle blood;" and he added, "and he is the only child of his father."

The old man laid down his pen, struck by the pertinacity of the pilot, and gazed at him with a look of inquiry. A noise was heard below—a noise of feet, staggering as though beneath a burden—a noise of many voices, speaking in hurried whispers.

"They are bringing the drowned boy here!" said the pilot, as he turned and departed.

With a sharp, wild cry, the old man rose to his feet. The truth, with all its terror and its anguish, broke upon his soul at once: he had murdered his own dear son!

That old man lived for many years after this day, but he never again became conscious of what had passed; he was blessed, beyond his desert, in complete forgetfulness.

Every day he seated himself opposite the window that looked upon the ocean.

The wind is rising," he would say; "God grant there be no storm! My son is at sea!"

Then, when the night fell, he would say,—

"It is late, and I can see the white sails no longer; but, if the wind is fair, he will come to-morrow. Drowning is a fearful death! God grant there be no storm!"

St. Victor gradually recovered from his embarrassments; and, gaining prudence from past difficulties, became again the great merchant of Marseilles—the prosperous St. Victor.

But his name and race are now extinct; and the splendour, and the wealth and the prosperity of that great house have passed away for ever.

JUDICIAL COMBATS AND THE WARS OF NATIONS.

One of the dark spots on the disk of the middle ages was the trial by judicial combat. When the fierce tribes of Huns and Alans, Goths and Lombards, at once inundated and destroyed the Roman empire in the west, they also displaced its enlightened civil jurisprudence, and at the same time established a rude appeal to justice, in accordance with the system of Feudality which they organised throughout Europe. This rude appeal to justice was the trial by judicial combat. The savage of a tribe considers it his right and duty individually to revenge wrongs or to repel attacks; the administration of justice is with him a personality; he individualises awards and punishments; he takes judicature into his own hands; he has no notion of giving up his individuality in this respect to society. As Feudality was but a more definite organisation of Tribism, so also was the trial by judicial combat but a more organised system of personally settling a quarrel, a dispute, or a difference between individual and individual. The difference, and the progress, so to speak, in favour of the latter development was, that it was public and recognised, not private or secret.

As the quarrel between two persons is in close analogy, on a small scale, with the war between two nations, having similar origins and developments, it may be well to trace something of the history of the trial by judicial combat, since it may lead us to inferences upon the military system, of which it is a portion, generally.

The trial by judicial combat was the offspring of feudality. In that state central power was weak. The monarch and his court had little influence during the greater part of its history. The state was composed of tribes, newly fixed in their position, and holding their land from their chiefs under the tenure of fiefs. These barons, therefore, had, a court and centre of their own, and in this they claimed to administer justice, with little reference, if any, to their lord paramount—the monarch. They had conquered the lands upon which they had settled with the sword; and drawing his blade, every injured baron sought justice with its point. His adversary met him also with the sword, and the vassals of each supported their respective leaders in the contest. There was no appeal to a written law, to a regular magistracy, or to the decision of a sovereign national court. The same system spread from the barons to their vassals, until it became a recognised public institution, and the form of trial by judicial combat established itself throughout Europe. In civilisation, written documents, witnessed deeds, or attested agreements, regulate the stipulations between individuals, and are evidence as to the facts. In feudality, on the contrary, reading and writing were too rare attainments to be useful in the general affairs of life. National treaties and royal charters were indeed committed to the pen of a clerk, but transactions between private parties, and the details of personal business, were carried on by word of mouth or delegated promise.—The proof of claims, and the evidence of facts, was thus therefore difficult, and encouraged both deception and evasion, whether in criminal or in civil cases. The definition of evidence, the decision as to whether a court should accept positive or circumstantial proof, the determination as to the respective credit to be attached to discordant witnesses, and generally all intricate questions, were, under these circumstances, matters of extreme difficulty. Recourse was consequently had to the appeal to trial by combat between the adversaries. They publicly fought hand to hand, and thus decided their differences before their judges. Undoubtedly the innocent often fell thus under the more mighty arms of their guilty antagonists; and by this absurd system justice was left to the decision of chance or force. Yet so military was the nature of feudality, in which every soldier was a freeman, and every rood of ground held by tenure of martial service, that the judicial combat was, for a considerable period, considered as one of the wisest institutions both of civil and criminal jurisprudence. It gradually superseded the ordeal by fire, water, or dead body, as well as the plan of acquittal by oath or purgation, until it became the distinguished and cherished privilege of a gentleman over all Europe to claim the trial by combat. Not only contested questions, but abstract points undetermined by law, were thus decided by the sword, until justice dropped the scales, and waved only a bloody blade. Evidence was in the point of the sword, and the successful argument in the keenest edge, wielded by the strongest arm. Witnesses, and even judges, were not exempt from a challenge to the combat, nor could it be refused by them without infamy. Moreover, women, children, ecclesiastics, and aged or infirm persons, who could not from circumstances of sex or age, or position, be expected to use the judicial sword in their own right, had nevertheless the liberty, or rather obligation, of producing champions, who would fight upon their behalf from individual attachment, or from consanguineous or mercenary motives. In fine, religious ceremonies were added to the judicial combat; and what was really a recourse to the decision of fortuity, or to preponderance of animal prowess, became superstitiously accounted a direct appeal to God. Its arrangements were settled by edicts, commented on by legists, and became almost the sole study of the feudal nobility.

Such was the origin and development of the trial by judicial combat. Although its institution was popular, and accordant with the spirit of the times, its evil effects soon manifested themselves. The clergy, whose canon law was excellent, and who perhaps regretted the disuse of those ordeals which appeared to appeal more to the interposition of Providence than did a personal

conflict, were among the first to protest against the trial by judicial combat, as contrary to Christianity, and inimical to good order. So consonant was it, however, with the fierce spirit of the times, that even superstition fell powerless before its influence, and the censures and admonitions of the ecclesiastics were disregarded. At length the evil became so obvious, that the civil power could no longer disregard it. Henry I. of England prohibited the trial by combat in questions of property of small value, and Louis VII. of France followed his example. The central power of the feudal monarchs was, however, yet feeble, and any restrictions which were to be made upon an institution so popular among the barons, required to be effected with prudence and policy. It was nevertheless the interest of the kings to abate these ferocious contests, and centre the administration of the laws in their own courts. Louis of France, not inaptly named St. Louis, earnestly attempted to introduce a better system of jurisprudence. He wished to displace judicial combat, and to substitute trial by evidence. The great vassals of the crown, however, possessed such independent power, that his beneficent regulations were principally confined to his own private seignory. Some barons, nevertheless, of their own accord, gradually adopted his plans; and the spirit of such courts of justice as existed grew daily more and more averse to the trial of combat. On the other hand, the successors of St. Louis, awed by the general attachment to judicial combat, still tolerated and authorised its practice; and so the struggle continued for several centuries. In the course of these, however the royal prerogatives gradually increased; and what was of more importance, the ideas of the people received a more pacific and intelligent development, as the first germs of the municipal system were manifested among them. Still, instances of judicial combat occur as late as the sixteenth century both in the annals of England and of France. As these decreased, with the ferocious habits they engendered, a great impulse was given to European civilisation by a more regular administration of justice. The authorisation of the right of appeal and of review from the courts of the barons to those of the king, was the grand desideratum; and this was gradually obtained. Royal courts, hitherto held at irregular intervals, were fixed as to time and place, and to these judges of more distinguished talents were appointed than those who administered in the judicature of the barons. They regulated the forms of law, and endeavoured to give consistency to its decision; and the people were thus led to have more confidence in their decrees than in those of the barons, and were eager to exercise the new right of appeal. The order and precepts of the canon law in use among the ecclesiastics, being good in themselves, also contributed to this reform in jurisprudence. About the middle of the twelfth century, likewise, a copy of Justinian's Pandects was found in Italy; and this led to a revival of the study of the Roman imperial code of laws, and so added greatly to the growth of more enlightened ideas on the administration of justice. Thus gradually was the trial by judicial combat abolished, and a more liberal system of jurisprudence established in its stead throughout Europe.

Let us now see what analogy exists between the history of judicial combat and that of national war. A person is a separate individuality. A nation is an aggregate individuality. As the judicial combat was a contest between the individuality of two persons, so also is war a contest between the individuality of two nations. The origin of the trial by judicial combat was in the barbarous habits of our ancestors. Such likewise was the origin of war. The first was contrary to the spirit of Christianity; so also is the latter. The one was opposed to reason and enlightenment; so likewise is the other. The analogy so far between them is perfect, and requires no argument to liberal minds.—Let us try to discover, therefore, if we may not build upon it a hope for the cessation of national wars. In doing this, let us first bear in mind that however obvious may be any error which has crept into the human mind, its eradication requires a long period. Absurd and barbarous as was the custom of judicial combat, its abolition occupied centuries; and in like manner, although the protestation against national warfare has already for some while been raised, but little progress was made until the last half century. Gradual, however, as the abolition of judicial combat, it was at last effected, too by causes which have their parallels in relation to national warfare. As an individual person is to a nation, so also is an individual nation to the world. Judicial combats destroyed national order, as the wars of nations disturb the harmony of the globe. As it was the interest of the nation to abolish the one, so also is it the interest of the world to abolish the other. As the king represented the nation, so likewise does the people represent the world. It was the interest of the king to abolish the judicial combats of the feudal barons, and it is the interest of the people to abolish the wars of the national king. In the one instance it was the policy of royalty to abolish the former, as in the other instance it must be the policy of the people to abolish the latter. In all cases an enlightened interest is powerful, and must ultimately prevail. Christianity, again, was opposed to judicial combat: its ministers denounced it. Christianity is also opposed to national warfare; and its ministers begin to declare against it. Lastly, the progress of enlightenment directed its opposition against judicial combat, which fell before these reiterated attacks; and an enlightenment, most probably more potent than ever, is now directing its powers to effect the downfall of national warfare. It must fall ultimately before these united influences. As judicial combat was abolished, so also will national warfare be abolished by the combined efforts of popular interest, religious feeling, and enlightened reason.

A NEW HEROINE.

A Lady one day complained of the state of her health. Even the newspapers had lost their excitement—"She could not relish her murders as usual!" This is not a *jeu d'esprit*, but an actual speech; and it is enough to make one fear that the publicity of the journals is not an unmixed good. But as the bad parts of human nature *must* continue to be exhibited in the thousand mirrors of the press, those who would neutralise the evil should take every opportunity of calling into action the higher and purer sympathies of the heart. And not rarely does the daily news itself supply us with the means of so doing, and present in the very same page an antidote to the poison, although we are only too liable to pass over the former in favour of the chalice which offers a coarser intoxication.

That the details of crime, as given daily in the newspapers, inure the sensibilities—just as frequent public executions used to breed felons at the foot of the gallows—cannot be denied; but they present likewise, and not unfrequently, details of virtue, which require only to be brought prominently forward to counteract the former influence, and maintain a healthy tone in the mind. Among the latter, we have just observed, in a provincial journal, an anecdote of female-heroism which merits record much more than the most splendid deeds of valour in the field, and we are proud to afford it a wider circulation and a more permanent page. An obliging correspondent, who resides near the place in question, not only

vouches for the truth of the facts, but enables us to give the incident with some completeness.

In a house in Morden Street, Troy-town, Rochester, a young girl called Sarah Rogers, about fifteen years of age, was in charge of a child ten months old. She had laid down the infant for a time, and missing it on turning round, ran out into the garden to look for it. The child was not to be seen; and the poor little nurse, in obedience to a terrible presentiment, rushed to the well. Her fears were only too just. The covering of the well was out of repair; and on dragging away the broken boards, she saw the object of her search in the water at the bottom—a distance of sixty-three feet. A wild scream broke from the girl at the sight; but she did not content herself with screaming, and she knew that if she ran for aid, it would in all probability come too late. Sarah Rogers, therefore—this girl of fifteen—lowered the bucket to the bottom, and grasping the rope in her hands, descended after it. In thus descending, without any one above to steady her, she swayed against the rough stones of the well, and mangled her hands to such an extent, that the flesh is described as having been actually torn from the bones.

She reached the bottom nevertheless; and although standing in three feet water, contrived to get hold of the drowning child with her lacerated hands, and raise it above the surface. She then emptied the bucket, which had filled, and placing her precious charge in it, awaited the result. That result was fortunate and speedy, for her scream providentially had drawn several persons to the spot, and Sarah Rogers had presently the delight to see the bucket ascending with the infant. Still the brave and generous girl was unsatisfied: and when the bucket was lowered for herself, she could not be prevailed upon to enter it till they had assured her of the safety of the child.

The infant was found to be severely, but not dangerously hurt; while it was feared that its preserver would lose forever the use of her hands. But this, we are happy to say, is now not likely to be the case. The wounds will in all probability yield to the influence of care and skill, and Sarah Rogers will be able, as heretofore, to earn her bread by the work of her hands. But she is a poor, solitary girl, with no relations able to assist her, and even no home upon earth but that of the grateful parents of the child. These, unfortunately, are not in a condition to render their aid of much importance. They have declared, it is true, that for the future Sarah Rogers shall be like one of their own family; but the husband is nothing more than a clerk on board her majesty's ship Poitiers, and is probably but ill prepared to sustain such an addition to the number of his household. Would it not be well, in a case like this, in which governments are necessarily passive, for such private individuals as have not more pressing claims upon their liberality, to come forward, and do honor publicly to fidelity and interpidity, ever when found in a poor, little, friendless servant-girl?

ANNESLEY AND OTHER POEMS.

By Anna Harriet Drury. Pp. 74. London, W. Pickering.

If, after having perused a small volume like this, written as we are informed by a young lady, we at once and unhesitatingly couple her name with the famous names of Goldsmith and Crabbe; our readers will be apt to think that we are either rash or more inclined to encomium than the nature of the performance is likely to warrant. But we are prepared to risk the suspicion, and trust that before we have quitted Annesley, we shall have secured a cordial and universal agreement with our high and special verdict.

Annesley is a poem of nearly six hundred lines, and of a pathetic and religious cast. It briefly introduces us to two attached school-fellows, one of whom goes to India and makes a great fortune, and the other settles into the quietude of a rural church living, the duties of which he performs in a manner described by the author as we shall immediately show. The Indian returns home and finds his friend buried in his village graveyard. He contemplates the marble tomb sadly, and is joined by an aged parishioner, from whose mouth he learns the particulars of his life and death. The feeling and piety of the Deserted Village, and the pith and antithesis of Crabbe which mark so much of the narrative, cannot escape our poetical friends, though it would be difficult to pick out the single lines which most forcibly illustrate the latter qualities. But we will come, without further preface, to the tale. The wealthy nabob seeks his native country, and thus speaks of his career and its results:

"Time—powers—affections—being—were controlled
By one fell autocrat—the strife for gold!"

"It ceased at last: the passion and the strife:
And I retreated from my Eastern life.
Laden with wealth, and seared before my time,
Returned repining to my native clime.
My end of being gained, my labour o'er,
I had no more to gain, yet sighed for more.
The world was mine, with all the world can be;
I tried it all, and found it, vanity!
Restless from spot to spot, I wandered on,
Seeking for peace on earth, and finding none,
Till to the village were my footsteps sent,
Where the brief manhood of my friend was spent:
There, like a wellspring to its ancient track,
Came the checked tide of old affection back.
I reached his church: I paced the silent aisle,
Till fancy heard his voice, and caught his smile:
Till mixing things that are with things that seem,
Our separation but appeared a dream,
And when again I sought the open air,
I almost started not to find him there."

His companion is introduced to chronicle the virtues of the departed:

"Pensive I sat his monument to scan,
And scarcely saw a venerable Man,
Whose face, as marked by intellect as years,
Had watched my watching, and observed my tears."

He is asked for information, and we read his answer:

"Bear with me Stranger: you have given a thrill
To the sole chord that keeps its music still:
His name will fire me, when the other tones
My aged heart is chill as churchyard stones.
Would'st hear his tale!—then sit we here awhile.
There stands his church: I love the holy pile—
There first I listened, worshipped, and believed;
There first the sacrament of life received:

And there first heard that soft and silver voice,
Call pride to weep—and weepers to rejoice!"

"He found us in our sin: untaught—unfed—
Our life a burden, and its close a dread:
The churchyard rank with weeds: the churchbell gone:
Oh! those were fearful days to look upon!
We knew no Sabbath prayer: the Rector prayed—
He cleared the score for all and he was paid—
Little we cared what he might pray or preach,
Whom each tithe grumbler tried to over-reach.
Perhaps he mourned for us: his strength was weak,
His spirit feeble. 'Tis with shame I speak—
But when we saw him daily waste away,
We betted on the rate of his decay:
Nor can I now my blasphemy forget,
When the hearse passed—and I had lost my bet."

Need we mention Crabbe here!—but we proceed:

"Thus Annesley found us—godless, reckless, wild—
'Tis strange to ponder how we were beguiled:
How feet that spurned at holiness before,
Were drawn to crowd about the temple door:
How the deaf ear was chained, the cold heart wrung,
By the soft music of that gifted tongue!
At first we learnt to love him—then to hear:
He won our sympathy—and then our ear:
We loved to follow where he chose to guide,
And thus he led us to the fountain's side:
And when we heard those rills of comfort flow,
Is it a marvel that we loved him so!
Soon wrought his influence: round this holy hill
The Sabbath chimes again began to thrill:
His toil, his diligence the Schoolhouse reared,
Where still his words are graven, his name endeared—
The poor, the destitute, the full of pain,
Soon learned to seek, where none applied in vain:
The child of sorrow knew with whom to find
Help for his need, and comfort for his mind."

But their beloved guide is himself stricken by sorrow:—

"A cloud came o'er his brow: his sunny eye
Beamed kind as ever, but more thoughtfully.
We marked—we wondered:—none the secret knew,
But still the gathering sadness grew and grew.
He shunned his equals: in his village walk
The passing ploughman missed his cheering talk:
The children crossed his path, and looked again
For the kind question, never asked in vain:
Changed was his mood to all: except to those
Whose draught, like his, was of the spirit's woes—
Still by the dying pillar would he kneel,
To soothe the anguish he had learned to feel:
Bring Heaven's own light on darkened faith to shine,
Bind up the broken heart with oil and wine,
While as he left them, he could hear them say,
'He needs the comfort that he gives away!'"

It is the shame and disgrace of a sister, and he hurries abroad to seek and bring her to repentance, and then we come to learn that he had unconsciously inspired an enthusiastic passion in the bosom of Lilian, an orphan girl, and one of his parishioners. We know nothing superior to the tracing of the growth of this fatal passion:

—"Unchecked, her fancy free
Built up a world of graceful fantasy—
A realm of love, and genius, and delight,
Where foes can ne'er molest, nor envy blight—
Where friends who never part, for ever meet,
And not a home contains an empty seat—
Poor child! the sport of every earthly breeze,
How could she build her happiness on these?
—But thus she grew—wild, bright as lightning flame,
Till to the village the new Rector came.
He preached: she listened, marvelled, and believed:
With every Sabbath day new life received;
All that was mist before, was sunshine now,
A calm, pure gladness wreathed her careless brow:
The world grew less:—Eternity seemed all—
She felt she stood—and then began to fall!
—A spacious form that dire opponent took
To turn the heart from life's pure waterbrook—
Gratitude, awe, and reverent esteem,
For him who led her to that healing stream,
All seemed his due:—but still the spark spread on—
Her prayers grew cold; her peace of mind was gone.
Her grandsire sickened: Annesley sought his bed,
And Lilian learnt to listen for his tread.
He saw her grief, and holy comfort brought—
Ah! little deemed he of the ill he wrought!
Spellbound before his talents and his worth,
He shewed her Heaven—but Lilian thought of earth—
He spoke of hearts whose treasures are above:
She only thought of life, with Annesley's love,
Till through each vein the vital passion ran,
And she forgot the Teacher, in the man!"

"Where was the healer for that secret sting?
The poison draught was in the fountain spring.
Each warning word, each solemn truth he gave,
But held her closer, her affection's slave.
Like yon bright sun he moved, benign and pure:
And for each beam he shed, she loved him more.
He was her all: to him the shrine was given
His toil had hollowed for the work of Heaven:
Peace left her hour of prayer—her faith grew dim—
Her soul's religion was to pray for him!"

"But he passed on—his pathway lay beyond—
Too heavenly for a heart so madly fond :
His glorious image faded from her track,
And the lone weeper turned in silence back.
And who can tell the deep and hidden strife,
The soul's fierce struggle between death and life,
By which the hand of grace her spirit bent ?
To yield her idol—and to live content ?

"Oh ! it is easy, when our day-dreams fade,
To hide our anguish in the churchyard shade ;
It needs no courage, when our idols fall,
To seek a deathbed, and forget them all :
But to live on—without that precious thing—
Our hearts had twined with every dearest string—
Begin our course afresh—and weave again—
The wreath of happiness we wove in vain—
This is a pang to try the might of faith,
More bitter than the bitterness of Death !

"To tread life's wilderness—and know no more
The starry eye that was her light before ;
To see the noon of joy on all beside,
And she alone in faded eventide ;
Was not this bitter ! This did Lillian bear,
Crushing at once her hope and her despair :
And they who dwelt beside her, ne'er divined
The deep, dark struggle to her breast confined :
But e'en Religion's peace was void of power
To bring back freshness to that broken flower,
Which Heaven had watered for an Angel's joy,
And Earth had gathered—gathered to destroy !"

To our minds this is the perfect truth of nature, and the deepest feeling of poetry. Annesley comes back from his painful errand to his erring sister :

He saw her fade and die : but not unblest :
His prayers went with her spirit to its rest :
Humbled, forgiven—in her grave she slept ;
And he returned—rejoicing, while he wept.

"And could we too rejoice, when day by day,
We saw our beacon watchfire waste away ?
I have shed many a bitter tear since then,
But ne'er shall know such bitterness again !
'Twas hard to yield him to a foreign shore,
E'en when we looked to seeing him once more ;
But in this bright life's prime, so pure, so wise—
To droop and pine before his people's eyes,
Wrestling the torrent of disease to stem,
Grappling with anguish—but to toil for them !"

"He dwelt among us like a seraph guest—
A child of Eden in a pilgrim's vest :
Who, though for others pleased to linger here,
Pines for his own immortal atmosphere ;
Yet 'twas not pining—that sublime desire
Gave to his brow its calm, his eye its fire :
In that pure yearning was the motive found,
That in his weakness made his strength abound :
Our sun so long, he would refresh us yet,
And shine the brightest, when about to set !"

The disastrous fate of Lillian and Annesley is hurried on :

"The friends who sepulchred her sleeping clay,
Mourned the young rosebud's premature decay ;
But I, who saw how that decay begun,
Could but rejoice in tears that all was done,
When over Annesley's grave the death-rite woke,
Of her who loved him best—whose heart he broke !

"Still lingered Annesley—life and sense returned :
For one brief moment yet the taper burned :
But from that hour more hollow grew his cheek,
His breath more painful, and his pulse more weak.
The Sabbath came ; and they who thronged to pray,
Missed his loved voice, and came in tears away.
I went to see him when the day was o'er ;
His weeping servant met me at the door.
'He has been easier ; were it God's good will,
We almost think he might recover still.'
With noiseless footsteps to his chair we crept :
He sat so motionless, we thought he slept.
His brow was turned to Heaven, like Heaven's calm sky,
So pure, so bright, in mild serenity.
One wasted hand upon his breast reposed,
His lip was smiling, but his bright eye closed.
The setting sun its parting ray had shot
O'er that pale brow—meet emblem of its lot :
The open Bible at his elbow spread
Spoke his last message, 'Blessed are the dead !'
Oh ! blest indeed, beyond all mortal ken ;
But what to us was that bright message then ?

"I turned away with faint and gasping breath,
I fled despairing from that house of death :
Sought the old oak where I heard him pray,
And poured in tears my bitterness away.
All nature wore her evening garb serene,
As though he lived—as though he ne'er had been !
And thus, I thought, now that free spirit's gleam
Has passed from earth like a forgotten dream,
His temple bell would sweep around the hill,
As though his voice were breathing in it still ;
The eyes he loved would see another's face ;
Another's talents fill his empty place ;
And genius, wisdom, zeal, and piety,
Lie unremembered, save by Heaven and me !

"And thou wert gone indeed, thou gifted one !
Thou, whose brief course was as the morning sun ;

In the high noontide of thy pure renown,
Thy glory faded, and thy light gone down !
Gone down ? nay rather—it was gone up higher :
'Twas Heaven's own son that quenched that starry fire :
He had not lived in vain : nor built his faith
On shifting sea-sand, washed away by death ;
Christ was his Rock, his All : we knew his lot ;
And yet we wept, as though we knew it not !"

How touching and how truthlike is this death-scene, and the feeling, natural reflections to which it gives rise ; and how pathetically does the old man conclude !

"And now I dwell alone, but not in tears ;
Light on my darkness, gladness for my fears ;
Strength for the failing heart, the drooping limb,
Shine in that Gospel I was taught by him.
And if his name for that blest gift be dear,
How dearer far the Hand that led him here,
That taught his lip to show me where to flee,
Took him to glory, and will welcome me !"

We will now only ask if we have proven our case, and if this fair young author is not by this single poem entitled to take her place with those who cannot be forgotten ! We pause for a reply.

Eleven shorter compositions fill up the volume, and all possess evidence of genius not unworthy of the principal composition. The close of the *Emigrant*, for instance, is very beautiful :

"But ask me not to sing of home,
Till home's soft echoes are forgot ;
Till yearning love has ceased to roam,
And call on those who answer not !

Well have I borne, and well can bear :
Strong faith forbids me to repine :
Sing of your homes, your mother's care,
But ask me not to sing of mine !

My heart can warm to other's bliss :
Pour on, and I will swell the tone :
I'll sing of every theme, but *this*,
And every country, but my own !"

The old Horse to his mistress also contains stanzas of genuine poetry and pathos :

"I see thee in thy beauty,
As I was wont to see ;
The tall and gracious stature,
Like a created birchen tree ;
The brow, across whose smoothness
No evil cloud could float ;
The voice, that never threatened,
And the hand that never smote ;
The long brown tresses shading
The cheek of rosy glow ;
The soft blue eye of gentle love,
The skin of tinted snow ;
The silver laugh of gay content,
The bright and peaceful smile ;
The heart, that knows no bitterness ;
The tongue, that speaks no guile !

Long years of light and honour
Before thy path be spread ;
The dew of blessings on thy track ;
The sunbeam on thy head !
Affection's roses round thee—
Faith in thy bosom shrined—
A home of joy before thee—
And a path of peace behind !"

Some delicious lines picture a stream, and deduce from it a lesson of the purest morality and humanity :

"There is within a crag-bound way,
A stream of faultless loveliness :
Its lucid waters love to stray
Where every sound hath power to bless.
No torrent foam, no sparkling jet
Exalt that little rivulet :
It bounds as if with joy serene,
O'er pebble beds, and shores of green,
And lulls each polished stone to sleep,
That sparkles through its stainless deep.
And what hath made that stream so fair ?
The guardian crag—the balmy air !
The music of the ceaseless race !
The sunbeam on the wild bird's trace !
No—these around a Monarch's seat,
Had ne'er possessed a charm as sweet.
'Tis here its spell of beauty lies—
In mercy is that beauty spent !
Around the poor man's home it flies,
His blessing—and his ornament !
Bright harbinger of peace and health
To those who own no other wealth,
While here the crag-reared patch is nurst,
There it allays the shepherd's thirst ;
In soothing murmurs seeks to cheer
The fever of the sleepless ear ;
Or gently cools the rising breeze,
To fan the brow of wan disease.
Unmindful still of grandeur's eye,
It cheers the hut of poverty :
The sunbeam's glow, the whirlwind's force,
But warm or speed its glorious course,
The course assigned by One above—
Both type and token of His love !"

We reluctantly forbear from quoting more. That we have been surprised and charmed with this "debut" in the poetic world, will, we repeat our hope,

not now appear to be either hasty or a too glowing judgment. That we have not profaned the names of Goldsmith and Crabbe, by placing that of the Young Girl by their side, is about the highest tribute we can pay to her mind, her heart, and her genius.

PASQUIN.

WHAT is a pasquinade?—A squib, a satire a lampoon, a scurrility. Why is it so called?—Because such "manuaises plaisanteries" were affixed, by their anonymous authors, to the statue of Pasquin at Rome. For what reason?—For this reason:—

There was once a tailor in the Eternal City, whose heart was filled with bitterness as he reflected on the unmerited jibes to which his profession was exposed as if by general conspiracy of mankind. Maestro Pasquino, for so was he called, could not, for the life of him, imagine what people could find ridiculous in a calling which concerned itself with the grand distinction between the human race and the inferior animals. 'The world is mad,' cried he at last: 'stark, staring mad!' and as he came to this natural conclusion, he set himself to trace the symptoms of folly around him with an enthusiasm which soon amounted to a passion. It was meat and drink to him to see a fool; and soon the echoes of the jests with which he seasoned this repast extended beyond the shopboard, and were heard in the neighbouring piazza Navona. All Rome at last crowded to the tailor's studio, which took the place of the apothecaries' shops in the provincial towns of Italy, and became a kind of public Exchange for those who would hear or communicate the news of the day.

But this news, it will be felt, took its colouring from the mind of Maestro Pasquino. Everything was converted into materials for mirth or malice. Great lords were no more spared than if they had been so many tailors; prelates and cardinals were unfrocked without ceremony; and even the pope himself set up as a target for the shafts of ridicule. And what recourse could be had; since all was traced to the shopboard of Pasquin? It mattered not who the speakers really were, since Pasquin and his decimal fractions of humanity were the ostensible authors. It was a part of the jest to clothe it in vulgar language, and no one, however much aggrieved, could think of condescending to take vengeance for anything so low. The tongue at length, was recognised in Rome as at once a safer and sharper weapon than the dagger; and everything, from a personal lampoon to a political libel, was given out as one of the 'pasquinade,' or sayings of Maestro Pasquino.

At length the thread of Pasquin's life was severed by the shears of destiny; and then the pontifical government, rejoicing in the fall of its great enemy, cried havoc, and let slip the dogs of the police. Jibing was no joke now. Every man was held responsible for his own jest, and made to laugh for it on the wrong side of his mouth. Humour was buried in the grave of Pasquin—but not for long; for it arose again, as we shall presently see, with his monument. Opposite the tailor's shop door the kennel was hardly fordable in wet weather, and a large irregular oblong block of stone had been laid down across it to serve as a permanent bridge. This block as happens frequently in Italy, was of marble; and as it lay prone upon the street, half imbedded in the earth, it bore a kind of uncouth resemblance to a human back. The analogy was first detected by the urchins of the neighbourhood, who took a fierce pride in trampling upon the effigy of one of the giants, of their race; but after the death of Pasquin, a superstitious awe mingled with their triumph, and when the shades of evening had fallen, they were observed to look upon it with suspicion, and occasionally even to cross over, and, like the Levite, pass on the other side.

At length, in the progress of some improvements that were making in the street, this block of marble was raised out of the kennel, and, to the surprise and joy of the Roman antiquaries, discovered to be a splendid torso. Its place of sepulture was near the piazza Navona the site of the ancient amphitheatre, where the Emperor Alexander Severus celebrated the Agonalia; and the grand puzzlement was to decide whether it was the remains of a statue of a fighting gladiator—of a Hercules—of an Ajax—or finally, even of a Patroclus carrying a Menelaus, since another torso was found at no great distance, which might originally have been in union with it. Whatever it represented, however, it was esteemed a fine monument of ancient art, and its reputation with connoisseurs continued to increase rather than diminish, till, in the course of another century, it was placed by a critic of some authority above the best remains of antiquity, even the Laocoon and the Belvidere Apollo. We are told, it is true, that a German antiquary took this decision in such bad part, that he was about to box the ears of the panegyrist, whom he believed to be laughing at him; but we shall find that it was the fate of the statue throughout to cause such misunderstandings.

When the kennel-bride of Maestro Pasquino was discovered to be an antique torso, it was placed upon a pedestal against the Pamphili palace, on the other side of the way; but no change of position could sever its connection with the defunct tailor. The discomfited urchins, looking up in wonder and veneration, gave their great enemy his name and while the antiquaries arguing and scolding about its origin, the people decided that it was the statue neither of Hercules, nor Ajax, nor Patroclus, but of Maestro Pasquino. Nay, when the Pamphili palace gave way in 1791 before the construction of that of Orsini, the latter relinquished its own name, like an obsequious heir, and was known thenceforward as the Pasquin palace. This, however, is not to be wondered at, since, at the moment when the mutilated statue was exalted on its pedestal, it was consecrated by the genius of the tailor, that before had seemed buried with him. It spoke with his voice—even with the Doric vulgarities of his tongue; it breathed around his fine and pungent spirit; and every morning the Romans ran in crowds to read on its twisted back the bulletins of Pasquin.—Satire, sheltered once more under the venerable name, was now as free as ever. The pontifical police retired discomfited; libels and lampoons became anew the order of the day; and Rome was never off the grin for a moment.

A collection of the sayings of Pasquin would be a curious work; but more curious, we fear, that amusing, since the associations of the time which gave pungency to the wit would now be wanting. A few political squibs are all that are preserved, and even these are not very remarkable to us of the present generation. But Pasquin did not merely speak in his eloquent placards; he assumed, on great occasions, a befitting costume, and became thus one of the dramatis personæ. Nor was he always a railler or jester; sometimes, in deference to public honour and virtue, he converted his natural grin into an approving smile. This was a policy which the professional wits of our own day would do well to follow. There is nothing so dull as a jest-book, and nothing so tame and stingless as an unbroken succession of satires. In 1571, when Colonna returned in triumph from the battle of Lepanto, he found Pasquin clothed in warrior's garb, with his helmet surmounted by the watchful dragon, and in his hand the bloody head of the Turkish prince, with a mortal gash on the brow. Twenty years after,

when Gregory XIV., on mounting the throne of St Peter, passed through the street on his way to the Lateran Church, he received the homage of Pasquin, who had transformed himself, for the occasion, into a true courtier. He had restored his nose, and his mutilated arm, and wore a gilded helmet; carrying a sword in one hand, and a pair, of scales, a horn of abundance, and three loaves in the other. All this signified generally justice and plenty; but the loaves were a personal compliment to the pope, who had placed loads of bread in the public places, where it was sold to the people at a third of the usual price.

All this, however, is out of the usual character of Pasquin, who generally mingled a sneer even with his commendation. He was a great patron, for instance, of Sixtus V., to whom Rome was indebted for numerous fountains; and he signified his satisfaction with the pontifex magnus by dubbing him fontifex magnus. One day a Swiss of the papal guard struck with his halberd a Spanish gentleman, who promptly returned the blow, and with such effect, that the Swiss died of the chastisement. Upon this, the pope caused it to be signified to the governor of Rome that he would not dine till justice was done, and that he wished that day to dine early. Everybody knew that it was needless to plead for the criminal's life; but for the honour of his family, the Spanish ambassador and several of the cardinals interceded with the pope to have him decapitated like a gentleman. 'He shall be hung!' was the reply; 'but in order to diminish the disgrace of the execution, I shall myself assist at the ceremony.' The gibbet was accordingly erected under his windows, and when Sixtus V. had his love of justice fully gratified, he went in to dinner, thanking God for his appetite. The next day Pasquin was seen loaded with chains, halberds, gibbets, cords, and wheels; and being questioned on the subject, replied, 'It is a ragout I am carrying to excite the appetite of St Peter. Numerous other pasquinades were directed against the severities of the pope but they were too much intermingled with the religious heartburnings of the day to be read with much interest in ours. Sixtus, however, took everything very tranquilly, being aware of the immunities of Pasquin; till unluckily, the satirist attacked the dignity of his sister Camilla Peretti. This lady, before her brother's elevation, had been indebted to her own exertions in a particular line of industry for her support; and in allusion to the circumstance, Pasquin was one day seen in a very dirty shirt, which he explained by saying that the pope had made his washerwoman a princess. Sixtus made many vain attempts to discover the author of this insult; till at length he offered him his life and a thousand pistoles for a confession, threatening him with the gibbet if he should be denounced by another. The terms were irresistible. The wit immediately presented himself at the Vatican, acknowledged his guilt, and demanded the reward. Sixtus was, as usual, just. He gave him his life, and the promised money; but had his tongue pierced, and his hands cut off on the spot, in order to prevent him from getting into any similar scrape for the future.

This affair, it may be supposed, shut the mouth of Pasquin for a time; but by degrees he resumed his audacity, till Adrian VI., in a transport of rage, ordered the anonymous joker to be cast into the Tiber. 'What!' said he, 'in a city where we can shut so closely the mouth of men, is it so difficult an affair to silence a block of marble?' But one of his courtiers turned him from the project, by assuring him that it would be vain to drown Pasquin, since his voice would be heard all the same from the bottom of the river like that of a frog in a marsh. But the threat appeared to be of more avail than perhaps would have been the actual deed; for it is certain that the spirit which animated the statue became comparatively silent from that moment; and in the present day, the jests of Pasquin are heard only during the sitting of a conclave.

In this brief memorial of Pasquin, it would be improper to omit mention of his rivals. The principal of these was Marforio, a statue discovered about the beginning of the sixteenth century near the arch of Septimius Severus, and eventually placed in the Capitol. The connoisseurs quarrelled about its origin as bitterly as about that of Pasquin; but although some would have it to be a Jupiter, some a Neptune, some an Oceanus, &c. it received its popular name from the place where it was found—the Forum of Mars. Pasquin and Marforio were rivals, inasmuch as the one represented the townspeople, and the other the aristocracy; but yet they were likewise comrades and accomplices, lending themselves to each other's jokes, like the Clown and Pantaloon of a pantomime. This was done by means of questions and answers. When Pasquin, for instance, appeared in the dirty shirt, it was Marforio's cue to ask him what he meant by such an impropriety. In fact the conferences between the two marble jesters became of public importance, and exercised a greater influence over opinion than is commonly imagined. 'Be virtuous and humble,' says Sabba di Castiglione, 'for thus only can you escape the tongues of those two old Romans, natives of Carrara—Maestro Pasquino and Maestro Marforio.'

The aristocracy and the townsmen of Rome being thus represented, a third interlocutor was in due time added to the society to speak for the people. This was a 'facchino,' found near the church of San Marcello spouting water from a barrel into a carefully-sculptured shell. It was not, like the others, of ancient origin, being born of a chisel of the fifteenth century; neither was there anything very remarkable in its form; but this made it all the more proper to represent the people. The fashion, however, did not stop here. Rabuino, an old figure of a satyr, resembling more a baboon than anything else (whence its name), put in its word; and then came the Abbe Seviggi, another statue so called by the populace; and finally, Madona Lucrezia, a colossal female, the object of the rival gallantries of Pasquin and Marforio. The court was at length in dread of a general conversation among the monuments of Rome; but fortunately the fashion extended no further than the six we have mentioned; and even these, after a time, grew tired of repartee, and returned to their marble repose. As for Lucrezia, it has been surmised that, notwithstanding the coldness and hardness of the materials of her heart, she was in reality not untouched by the tender assiduities of her admirers; since, on the 25th of April in the year 1701, the day of St Mark, and the festival of Pasquin, she was known to wear a new and elegant bonnet, and to have a lace scarf on her shoulders in the very last taste of the day.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

The squadron anchored on Wednesday night at Crinan, and on Thursday morning left Crinan Loch about seven, A. M. The weather was all that could be wished. The Royal yacht, followed by the Scourge, passed out of the Northern corner of Jura, keeping the celebrated gulf of Corryvreckan, the Maelstrom of the West, and Scarba Island, to the left. The course was then laid up the Sound of Luig into Loch Linnhe, passing next Seil Island and Easdale on the right. The Easdale slate-quarries, belong to the Marquis of Breadalbane, and are well-known for giving employment to a thriving population. The

scene in the Sound of Jura is graphically described by the "Morning Chronicle" reporter—

"The sea was like glass; and the distant Atlantic swell came rolling in almost imperceptible undulations, hardly observable except when they creamed and rippled round the rocky ledges of the shore. 'Tis a rude archipelago, this cliffy labyrinth island loch, sound, and headland; and there are few places I should think which would look more utterly and desolately dreary in coarse rainy weather, when the sea is black and raging, and the mountains sloping upwards until their dark summits are lost in driving vapours. But in such weather as that of to-day the panorama is glorious; the shining sea—the ever changing forms of rocky islets and precipitous headlands—the scaured and furrowed cliffs—the brown ranges of heathy hill—and the distant glimpses caught, now of a far-off cloud-like coast, anon of a blue towering mountain, perhaps in Islay, perhaps in Jura, perhaps in Mull."

Off Seil Island, upwards of three hundred boats, each manned with six Bredalbane men, were drawn up in two lines, making an avenue for the Queen's yacht to pass. This difficult manœuvre was executed with the greatest precision. The boats in each of the lines were so close that the men while receiving the Queen, resembled two solid bodies of infantry drawn up two or three deep as a guard of honor on the waters. After passing the entrance of Loch Feochan on the right, and Gylen Castle on the left, the yacht entered the narrow channel between Kerrera Island and the mainland, and ran into Oban Bay. Here the usual preparations were made; but the yacht merely remained long enough to receive a royal salute from the batteries and steam round the bay; which lost sight of the Royal visitors soon after eleven. The course now lay Westward to the Sound of Mull, past Lismore, the most fertile of the Western Isles, once boasting a Roman Catholic college. The squadron made for Staffa, where the whole cast anchor. Boats were immediately lowered, for the purpose of affording the Queen and suite an opportunity of witnessing the celebrated caves with which the place abounds. The boat which contained her Majesty and the Prince Consort was rowed into the principal cave.

"Imagine, then, the rusty-looking reddish rock, with its serried columns, or rather its upright ledges, crowned by a thick layer of solid stone, somewhat after the fashion of a covering of thatch: imagine the deep cavern, with the arched and groined roof, tending upwards, a solemn stony tunnel, damp and slimy and echoing, streaked stalactites hanging from above, and long surging ridges of the clear Atlantic swell sweeping in below, foaming over the broken columns and peaked rocks at the entrance, and rippling upwards in undulating succession to the further end of this glorious cavern. So much for the every-day look of the place. Now, imagine a long heavy swell setting sullenly inwards from the Westward; imagine the Royal yacht, the trim little Fairy and the ponderous form of the Scourge, blowing off their steam, and slowly rising and falling on the hazy swell; further, people the entrance to the cave with three or four barges from the squadron, one of them with the significant Royal standard hoisted at the bows, jerking and rolling in the broken water at the entrance; imagine, in a word, the brown rocky waste of Staffa, the heaving expanse of the Atlantic beaded with barren islets, and the half-dozen steamers forming the Royal squadron and its escort lying lazily upon the summer sea; and you have a notion, more or less accurate, of the whole scene."

The Queen almost immediately returned to the yacht; but Prince Albert, with the Prince of Leningen, remained for some time examining some of the smaller caves.

From Staffa the yacht steamed on to Iona, the burial-place of many ancient kings and chieftains. Here Prince Albert, the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Grey, and Sir James Clarke, landed for the purpose of visiting the different antiquities.

The flotilla anchored for the night in Tobermory Harbour; and went forward early on Friday morning. It proceeded down the Sound of Mull, between the mainland and the Island of Lismore, with the accompaniment of a Scotch mist; it entered Loch Eil about ten, and anchored off Fort William about eleven, under a salute from the artillery of the fort. In consequence of the cloudiness of the weather, Prince Albert deferred his intended ascent of Ben Nevis; contenting himself instead with an excursion to Glencoe, accompanied by the Prince of Leningen and the Royal children. The Queen did not land till Saturday morning; which broke in clouds and rain.

"Her Majesty," says the correspondent of the Morning Chronicle, "landed under cover of a goodly umbrella carried by her own royal hands. The judicial authorities of the county of Inverness, Mr. Tyler the Sheriff, and Mr. A. Fraser one of his Substitutes, were in due attendance; and there was a tolerable turn-out of the men of Lochaber, with plaids, kilts, claymores, and cotton umbrellas; who waved glittering blades and dripping gingham, and shouted Gaelic salutations to the 'wife of the King,' for such I understand is the literal signification of Bhan Righ—the Erse words meaning Queen."

The worthy Highlanders thought it necessary to waive their exclusive attachment to the Stuarts. At the termination of the pier was an arch, composed of heather and holly, surmounted by a crown and the words "V. A."; under the latter was a Gaelic inscription, signifying two in one; beneath was a cockade in black and white, the colour being emblematic of the union of the houses of Brunswick and Stuart. The Union jack floated from the fort, and also from many other prominent points.

Several of the neighbouring magnates were in attendance to receive her Majesty;

The Royal party immediately entered carriages, of which they filled four, and proceeded on to Ardvikie Lodge a distance of about thirty miles. On arriving at her Highland home, the Queen was received by the Dutchess of Bedford, the Marquis of Abercorn, Cluny Macpherson, Sir James Mackenzie and other chiefs of clans. The Highlanders under Cluny Macpherson, wearing swords and shields, were drawn up on one side, while the other was occupied by the members of indiscriminate bodies. Sir J. Mackenzie Davison of Tulloch, and Cluny, wore Highland costumes of a most superior description. The Marquis of Abercorn also wore a splendid Highland dress, and exhibited the star and insignia of the Order of the Garter. On all sides there were large assemblages to greet her Majesty. Cluny's men hoisted the venerable green silk flag of the Macphersons, which was "out" in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745. Cluny himself wore the shield which Prince Charles Stewart carried at Culloden.

Ardvikie is said to have been used as a hunting-park by King Fergus of Scotland, who had his residence on an island in Loch Laggan, now known as King's Island.

"The present lodge was erected by the Marquis of Abercorn about seven years ago; and is a plain, unostentatious building, rather irregular in its construction, the windows, roof, and chimney-stalk a good deal in the cottage style, and the whole suiting pretty closely one's idea of what quarters for the

accommodation of a large shooting-party ought to be. And the interior of the lodge corresponds pretty closely with its external appearance; the rooms being more comfortable than spacious, and their chief decoration being the antlers of deer shot in the surrounding forest. On the bare walls of two of the principal apartments are roughly sketched, by the masterly hand of Landseer, several of his best known and finest productions, and among them 'The Challenge' and 'The Stag at Bay.' There is a splendid collection of stags' heads in the long corridor from which the rooms on the ground-floor are approached. Many of these have thirteen and fourteen points; the greater number are royal heads, and to none would the most experienced or successful deer-stalker take exception. The ornaments of the corridor are also those of the bedrooms above stairs."

"The surrounding scenery is quite in keeping with the style of the lodge and its internal arrangements. The loch in front is a sheet of water about eight miles in length, with less than the usual complement of islands on its surface, and possessing nothing in its appearance which raises it above mediocrity among the lists of Highland lakes."

The weather continued very boisterous during the whole of Saturday night and Sunday; and the storm caused considerable damage at the Lodge, blowing down a wooden house and a tent used for the accommodation of the retinue. The Queen did not leave the Lodge on Sunday; divine service being privately performed there.

On Monday morning, the return of fine weather enabled Prince Albert and the Prince of Leningen to commence grouse shooting on the farm of Shervamoor in Glensherv. The Princes bagged eight brace of grouse and one hare. Earl Grey and the Honourable Captain Gordon went shooting in another direction, and the other members of the suite amused themselves by fishing on the lakes. The Queen walked through the garden and grounds, watching with evident amusement the sport of the fishing-parties.

On Wednesday morning about eight o'clock, Prince Albert, with keepers and dogs, rode from the lodge to Ben-Aulder Forest, to enjoy the sport of deer-stalking. The Prince succeeded in bringing down a royal stag and a roebuck, and returned to the lodge in time for dinner. While the Prince was in the forest, her Majesty, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, rode out on small Highland ponies.

THE OLD JUDGE; OR, LIFE IN A COLONY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SAM SLICK THE CLOCKMAKER."

THE KEEPING-ROOM OF AN INN; OR, THE CUSHION-DANCE.

The storm baffled by its long continuance all the signs and prognostics upon which Mr. Richardson usually relied. He made frequent reference to the almanac, to ascertain the age of the moon and the state of the tide, predicting that it would cease at the ebb or the flood of the latter, or the rising or setting of the former; and admitted, that every rule of experience had failed him but one, namely, that when the first quarter of the moon happens—as upon the present occasion—to occur late in the afternoon, snow or rain is apt to fall during the greater part of the following week. This last hypothesis was a great comfort to him, as he prided himself not a little upon his knowledge of the weather, and appeared, like most other observers of the heavens, to have a theory to suit every contingency. The little patch of blue sky before-mentioned had now gradually enlarged itself, until it extended over the whole heavens, and the sun set clear and unclouded, and was succeeded, by a fine starlight night. The scene was so quiet and so beautiful, it was difficult to imagine that we had just emerged from a storm of such extraordinary violence and duration.

"Look at that!" said Stephen exultingly: "didn't I tell you so? I knowed kow it would be when them other signs failed (for there is no rule without an exception); and I never was beat yet, though I must say this was difficult case. Tell you what, it stands a farmer in hand to study the sky and the marks of water and earth, so as to look out in time for falling weather, who has hay to make and get in, and grain to stook and to carry to home. I'll back an old farmer an old spider again all the world for a knowledge of these subjects; for as for sailors, I never see one yet that knew any thing about the matter but this—that when it blew hard it was time to shorten sail. I'll tell you the difference, it's just this—The farmer has got his own crop and his own food to save; the sailor, the sails and rigging, and beef and pork of his owner; and it stands to reason—seeing that the skin is nearer than the shirt—that the farmer must know the most."

And then soliloquising aloud, rather than addressing any one in particular, he continued,—

"What in [natur] becomes of all them endless numbers of clouds that have passed over to the westward these two days! A body would think, when they meet a head-wind they would have to return back agin to where they came from, for that seems agreeable to the course of things in a general way. I wonder whether a wester begins lower than them, gets under them, and shoves them right up out of sight, and clears them off that way, or kinder splits them in two like a wedge, and throws one-half north and t'other half south? That's a thing, now, I should like to know, for it has always kind of puzzled me. There's something very odd about all winds. The south wind seems to uncork all drains, and swamps, and such things, and you can actually smell it hours and hours afore it comes; and in spring and fall it sends a-head a little white frost, as a kind of notice that it's on the way. Well, the east wind is a searching one too. It gets into your joints, and marrow, and bones; and you can feel it afore you see it. If it wern't for that, I don't think we should have any rheumatis in this country. It's a bad wind, and brings colds, and consumptions, and pauper emigrants from Great Britain (that know a plaguy sight more about breaking heads and houses than breaking up lands,) and fogs and shipwrecks, and rust and wheat, and low spirits, and every thing bad onder the sun. A wester, agin, is a blustering kind of boy—comes in a hullaballoo, but-end foremost, and kicks away the clouds right and left, like anything. It's a fine, healthy, manly, bracing breeze, that west wind of ours. You'd know it in any part of the world if you was to meet it, which I'm told you don't, for they say there's nothing like it nowhere else. Now, as to the north wind, I'll tell you what, I wouldn't just positively swear I ever saw it blow due north in this province. Yet father said, and always maintained to his dying day, there was no such a thing as a rael north wind here; and I certainly don't mind of ever seeing it. Nor nor-west and nor-nor-east is common; but a rael, genuine north wind, by point of compass, I am of opinion is a thing we have to make acquaintance with yet."

"Ah," said Miss Lucy, who just then resumed her seat, "this is too bad! All these stories end in disappointment. The judge's ghost turns out nothing but a mad man; the wolves are only seen in a dream; and the devil, after all, is merely a fox."

"Yes," said Stephen; "and a most particularly sly old fox too. Did you never know that before, miss? But that's only one of his shapes. Sometimes he comes in the form of a lawyer (giving a knowing wink to Barclay), with a tongue as slippery as an eel—cheat his master almost; sometimes (looking at me as if he suspected I was a military man talking down to my hearers) as a soderger-officer, with a scarlet coat, gold epaulettes, great big sword and spurs, and a whapping long feather to catch young galls, as sportsmen catch trout with a red hackle; and now and agin (looking admiringly at Miss Lucy) in the shape of an everlasting, handsome, bouncing lass, with an eye that makes every one as wicked as herself, and —"

"And sometimes," retorted the young lady, "in the shape of an ugly, old, disagreeable, on-mannerly man, that interrupts people so, that it's enough to make 'em wish he was in Jericho almost."

"Why, how you talk, miss!" he replied. "Didn't I see a ghost, and fight with a ghost, and haven't I got the marks to this day? What more would you have? And if you prefer wolf stories, here's a chap that's not only seed a wolf, but actually had one get into bed with him. Talk of romping! Gad, that's what I call a game of romps, in rael, right down airnest, regular rough and tumble, without waitin' for tickling. Come, old Broadcloth," said he, patting Layton on the shoulder, "tell the young lady the story of 'the awkward bed-fellow.' Tell her all about the wolf getting into bed a long with you, and finding you so precious dry, bony, and thin. he was afeerd you'd turn the tables on him, and eat him up, and so clawed right out agin."

Mr. Layton was about commencing his story when the young commissary, who had unpacked and produced his violin, executed a flourish or two upon it to ascertain if it was uninjured, and said—

"I beg your pardon, sir, but we expect some young ladies here presently. I hope you will excuse me, therefore, for just suggesting the propriety of coming to the point as soon as you conveniently can."

"Coming to Frink," you mean," said Stephen. "Coming to the point is old-fashioned, and has no fun in it; but 'Come to Frink' is all the go now. I'll tell you how that sayin' was raised. Onset upon a time, in the House of Assembly in New Brunswick, there was a committee sitting on a petition of a harbour-master called Frink, and the lawyers talked about every thing, as they always do, but the petition; and an old member, who got tired out, and almost wearied to death with their long yarns, used to stop them every minnit, and say, 'Come to Frink;' and when they wandered off he'd fetch 'em back agin with a voice of thunder, 'Why don't you come to Frink?' His manner and accent was so droll, for he talked broad Scotch (which is a sort of howl, growl, and bark all in one), it made everybody laugh almost; and now it's a by word all over that province, in the legislatur, and courts, and story telling, and everywhere, 'Come to Frink.' Now, Broadcloth," he said, turning to Layton, "you understand the gentleman. So 'come to Frink.'"

Mr. Layton, as I have before observed, was a gentleman that was evidently on very good terms with himself and the world. He was quite satisfied with his own appearance and importance, and being fully impressed with the belief that every body coincided in opinion with him, his face (now that he had no grievance to relate) beamed with self-complacency. He was a short, thin man, very erect, as most short men are (for they feel that they cannot afford to stoop), and dressed with considerable attention to what he considered the most becoming manner, and cultivated a very imposing pair of whiskers, cut and trimmed in a way to shew that he had visited foreign climes; for he had been as far as New Foundland on one side, and Bermuda on the other. He was, as my friend Barclay told me, one of a very numerous class of persons in Nova Scotia, who, inheriting an excellent farm, soon found that even farms must be worked to be productive, and that if a store (as a retail shop is universally called here) be added to their other employments, the profits of their trade will enable them to dispense with personal labour, and furnish an easy and comfortable road on which to travel to an independent fortune. This road, however, is, at very short distances, so intersected by other broader and easier roads, that lead, some to the sea-side, where there are frequent opportunities to Texas, some to the court-house, others to taverns, and most of them to a mansion, vulgarly called the jail, that it unfortunately happens many people miss their way, and, what is worse, seldom discover their error until the day is too far spent to return in safety. Mr. Layton, besides being a farmer and trader, was a justice of the peace, a commissioner of sewers for the drainage of the vast alluvial meadows of his county, a major in the militia, a supervisor of schools, and a trustee of an academical institution in his own township. He had read a good deal, for he took all the newspapers published at Halifax, and had studied the dictionary in a manner that enabled him often to detect inaccuracies in the pronunciation and orthography of those who had had the benefit of a better education. He was wont, I was told, to relate with great pride, a philological discussion he had had with an usher of Tadpole Academy, about the proper mode of spelling College, which he maintained, by analogy to Knowledge, ought to be written with a *d*. The usher, who knew as little of etymology as himself, admitted that he was of the same opinion, but said, antiquity was on the other side. Colleges, he observed, were established before our language was settled, and the *d* having been omitted originally, the word had come down to us with its present number of letters, and it was too late now to alter it. If this explanation was too far-fetched, it was, at all events, too plausible to be refuted by Mr. Layton, who always contented himself by remarking, with a sneer,—"That it was rather hard college men couldn't spell the name of their own institution." Those numerous offices held by Mr. Layton, however honourable they might be in the estimation of his poor neighbours, were all, alas! rather sources of expense than income to him,—the farm and the "store" being his main reliance. Either of those would have insured the possessor a comfortable and independent support; but their unfortunate union, like an ill-assorted match, soon produced mutual neglect, and, it was evident, would terminate in the ruin of both. Such was the gentleman who now related to us his adventure with the wolf.

"I live," he said, "on the Kentville river, in Aylesford—"

"Not on the river," said Stephen, "for that is not dic—or gram—either, my old amphibious boy; nor yet in the river, for your father pulled you out of that many a long day ago, and hung you up to dry. You look, for all the world, more like a salmon caught at the wrong season of the year, badly cured and worse smoked—so cussed thin no one can tell where the bone ends or the fish begins: tough as whalebone. Say, I live on a fish-flake on the banks of the river, my old dun-fish."

"Really, Mr. Richardson," said Mr. Layton, rising in great wrath, "I

"Jimmy," said Miss Lucy to her little brother, "call in the dog. He has already made acquaintance with Mr. Stephen's nose; perhaps he'll lead him up to bed."

"For gracious goodness' sake, don't bring in that dog!" he said. "If you do, I'll leave my marks on him, that he'll carry to his dying day. Why, I told you, miss, nobody minds me—it's my way. I poke fun at every body, and every body pokes fun at me; and if they get the best of it they are welcome to it; for, in a general way, what folks get from me they pay for. However, my pipe's out. I know it ain't manners, and I won't interrupt him agin. Come," he said, turning to Layton, "come, off to New Foundland with you, my old academy boy, and shoot wolves. 'Come to Frink, now.'"

"I live on the banks of the Kentville river, in Aylesford," continued the little man—

"Well, you told us that afore," said Stephen. "Why don't you 'come to Frink?'"

"On the farm my father owned, and carry on business there—"

"And a pretty mess you make of it!" added Stephen.

"Year before last, having a great deal of produce in hand, I chartered a vessel for New Foundland, and loaded her with cheese, apples, butter, hams, cider, and other kinds of produce, and sailed late in the fall for the town of St. John, hoping to reach there in time for the Christmas market. Unfortunately we deferred our departure too long—"

"That was, because you wouldn't 'come to Frink,'" interrupted Stephen.

"We encountered dreadful weather all the passage. It was, in fact, one constant succession of snow-storms and violent gales of wind. The captain was frost-bitten and crippled, the men were scarcely able to keep the deck, and the vessel could with difficulty be steered at all. Indeed, we were far from certain of our exact position, never having had an observation since we left Nova Scotia—"

"It's a pity you had n't made more observations before you quitted it," said Stephen; "for, if you had, you never would have left home at that season of the year. Do you take?"

"And while we were discussing the point, all doubt was removed by our being wrecked, about ten o'clock at night, on a bleak and desolate part of the coast. I shall never forget the horrors of that night. Every sea swept the deck. Bulwarks, boats, cabouse, and every thing, was carried away. The captain and I were the only persons in the after-part of the vessel. How it fared with those who were forward I could not tell, for we could hold no communication whatever with them on account of the violence of the sea. That night seemed without end, as it was without hope. At last day broke, the storm subsided, and with it the sea; and I could distinguish the shore, and, to my great joy, a long, low hovel on the beach under the cliff. I immediately went below for my gun, and returning, discharged it, and soon saw three men, half dressed, emerge from the hut, who waved a flag to us in token of recognition and assistance. Soon afterwards, they hauled a boat down to the edge of the water, and made preparations for boarding us; but it was nearly dark before the sea was sufficiently abated to enable them to come off with safety. The people forward were all drowned in the fore-castle: the captain and myself were the sole survivors. At last they succeeded in taking us ashore, with our guns, ammunition, and trunks; and saved as much provisions as would last us during the winter. In the morning, the vessel had disappeared. The storm had come on again during the night, and she had gone to pieces. A few loose articles of inconsiderable value were washed ashore, but the entire cargo was lost—"

"Yes," said Stephen; "and it's my opinion the farm sprung a leak that night, too. One or two more such voyages to New Foundland, and the old homestead is a wreck, as sure as you are born."

"As soon as the captain recovered, who was a strong, athletic man, of Herculean frame, formed by Nature, as it were, for endurance—"

"Hallo!" said Stephen; "it's a pity the schooner's bottom was n't as hard as them words: all the stones in New Foundland wouldn't have knocked a hole in it."

"He set out for St. John's with one of the inmates of the hovel, and made his way, in the best manner he could, across the interior. I was unequal to the task, and remained, during the whole of that tedious and dreary winter, with the other two—"

"If you had followed the example of Felix Piper," said Stephen, who always preferred talking himself to listening to others, "it would neither have been a long nor a tedious time. Felix, when he was a youngster, went into the woods one season with a lumbering party up the Kestegouch river; and, not knowing what to do with himself during the lodge nights, he got some birch bark and some dead coals, and stretching himself out at full length (flounder fashion) on the floor, taught himself, by the fire-light, to make letters, and learned to write, and then to cipher; set up in life on his own hook, and is now one of the richest merchants and greatest shipowners in the colonies. He learned the multiplication table, do you see; and found out that two and two makes four, and twice four makes eight, and so on. Now, with all your knowledge, you never got beyond the rules of subtraction yet; and only know, that if you take one from three, two remains. It would take a smart man to add up the sum of his property now, but you will soon find with your subtraction ciphering that you have only a naught left for a remainder; and then, my old academy boy, I'll trouble you to learn algebra, and see if you can tell how to subtract something from nothing. But come, Broadcloth, on with your story; but cut it short, for it ain't no greater things the way you tell it. 'Come to Frink, now.'"

"Time hung heavily on my hands, you may well suppose," continued the little man, "during those long and weary months. Oh, how often I sighed," and he looked sentimentally at Miss Lucy, "for the summer sky, the fragrant gales, and orange groves, of the charming Isles of Bermuda!"

"There would have been much more sense in sighing after the apple-sauce you forgot to insure," said Stephen; "but never mind, 'come to Frink.'"

"My two companions were Irishmen, who employed themselves in making barrels and boxes for packing fish, and in preparing for killing seals on the ice in the spring. The hovel they lived in was a long, low shanty, built close under the cliff for the purpose of shelter. It consisted of one extended room, one part of which was their cooper's workshop, and the other their dormitory and refectory—"

"Plague take your Latin, man! do speak English!" said Stephen. "Ever since you have been a trustee of Tadpole Academy there is no understanding you."

"The house was not constructed, like our log huts, of substantial timber (for that is not to be had there), but of poles interlaced with bark; and the roof was made of the same light materials. It was more like a large Indian wigwam than anything else. Well, as I was saying, we slept in one

end of it, which was spacious enough for personal convenience. The other part held staves, a work bench, some barrels, and boxes, and tools. One morning, just a little before daylight, our house appeared to be coming about our ears. A portion of the roof was suddenly crushed to the floor with a tremendous noise, apparently by a part of the projecting cliff. I sat up in my bed, and each one asked simultaneously the question, "What in the world is that?" At that moment something came down, through another part of the roof, directly upon my bed, which evidently had life and motion in it. It fell with considerable force, and rolled over upon me twice, when I uttered a loud shout—

"I don't doubt you did," said Stephen; "there's nothing like fright to make a fellow 'come to Frink.'"

"And I heard it jump down on the floor!" I immediately got up and stirred the fire, which had been carefully covered with ashes for fear of accident, and threw on it a handful of shavings, and in a moment the cabin was illuminated as bright as day. Judge of my surprise, when the first objects I saw were a cariboo and a wolf; the former standing, snorting first at the fire and then at the wolf, and the latter cowering in the corner and glaring horribly. We immediately took down our guns, and stood ready to give or receive battle. "Now, Pat," I said, addressing myself to the man who appeared to be the leader of the household, "I will fire at the wolf; do you and Mike stand ready, if I do not kill him, to bring him down: for, if he is only wounded, he will grapple with one of us and die hard." I accordingly fired, and he sprang up about three feet, rolled over, bounded forward, and fell again near the cariboo, who instantly attacked him with his fore-feet, and broke every bone in his body. My first impulse was to have spared the stag, and secure him alive, but he became so furious we were obliged to despatch him. It was a most exciting scene, and the more so as it was so novel and so wholly unexpected. It appeared that the wolf was in her pursuit of the buck, who, in his desperation, leaped, without reference to the locality, immediately over the cliff on to our shanty, which, from being covered with snow, no doubt, resembled a small iceberg, and was followed with equal recklessness by his famished pursuer. I have preserved the skin as a trophy—

"Of a man," said Stephen, "who fired a gun to save his life. It's few people have courage enough to do that. But, tell me now, didn't that cure you of going a-coasting in the winter? Aint you afeared of the water since that shipwreck?"

"No," replied the little man, with an indignant and injured air,—"no, sir; I despise a coward!"

"Well, well," said Stephen, with most provoking coolness, "we won't dispute about words. It wouldn't take much, as you say, to kill or to save such a little fellow as you be."

"I said no such thing, sir. Don't put your insolent words in my mouth, if you please, sir."

"Well," rejoined the other, "you might have said it, then, and not been far from the truth, neither. Now as you are determined to try your luck again at sea, I'll give you a receipt that will save your life, if every soul on board besides perishes."

"I don't require your receipt, sir; when I want it, I will ask you for it."

"Yes, but you may want it some fine day, and it is no harm to have it in case of accidents. It is one of the simplest and wisest rules I ever heard. I learned it from old Telly-I-you at Annapolis. When I was a boy, there was an old German barrack-master at that place, called Degrebbin, that the Duke of Kent placed there. The crittur had served six months in the old American war, doing garrison duty, which means, plastering his head with soap and flour, and cleaning his breeches with pipeclay; and as a reward for being a German, got the post of barrack-master. He was as tall and thin, and stately, and solemn, as a church steeple; walked like a pair of compasses; carried his arms straight, like those of a wooden doll, kinder stiff at the shoulder joints, and wore a queue long enough for a horse's halter. He had been so long from home in this country that he had forgot all his German, and, having an enormous big mouth and whapping large tongue, he never could learn to speak English; so he talked gibberish. Instead of saying, 'I tell you,' he used to say, 'Telly I you;' so I nicknamed him 'Old Telly-I-you.' I recollect him as well as if it was yesterday, for I used to stalk behind him in the streets, and throw back my head, and cock up my chin, just as he did, and make German faces at him to make the boys laugh, and got caught on set and thrashed for it like any thing. Well, old Telly-I-you used to go to Digby sometimes, on duty, and when he did, he used to take the military four-oared barge with him, and send it back with orders to come again in two days for him. When the boat would come, he'd keep it and the party there sometimes for a whole week on a stretch, waiting for a dead calm; for he never would get into a boat if there was the least morsel of wind in the world. At last the commandant hauled him up for it."

"Mr. Degrebbin," said he, "you keep my men too long from their duty. I request you will always return immediately, sir, when the boat goes for you."

"My fery goot, high-priced, too dear friend," said Degrebbin, "telly I you it to pass how came to happen dat I keep de boat."

"And he explained that he was once the sole survivor of a boating party, consisting of thirteen men, which circumstance had made him kind of nervous and timid on the water ever since."

"Dear me," said the commandant, who was a kind hearted man, though strict on duty matters—"dear me, how did that happen, and how did you escape?"

"Telly I you," said Degrebbin, "that to pass how came to happen."

"And he paused, and looked wise, that the other might admire his gump tion. At last he said—

"Dis was de vay. I refused to go, so I was de only one saved out of dirteen souls and bodies!"

"Now, take my advice, Broadcloth, and follow old Telly-I-you's receipt 'You'll never be drowned if you stay to home on dry land.' It tante every fool knows that trick."

"Come to Frink," Mr. Stephen, said the commissary. "Here they are! I hear the bells. Make room for the young ladies! Now for a dance!" And he played a short flourish on his violin, and said—"Here, Mr. Stephen, hold a candle while I help the young ladies out. Talk of ghosts and hobgoblins! these are the witches for me! Oh, Miss Lucy!" and he put his arm gallantly round her waist, and, leading her to the door, whispered something in an undertone, for which (though she appeared nothing loath to hear it) he got a good-humoured box on the ear, and was told that he was a saucy, forward, good-for-nothing, impudent man.

When we went to the door to receive our guests and assist them to alight, we found two sleds (not sleighs, but vehicles on runners, without seats, having

nothing but the floor, covered with buffalo robes, to sit upon). One was driven by young Mr. Neal, and conveyed the two Misses Glee; and the other by Master Linn, and carried his two sisters. A moonlight drive on the snow, and the prospect of a dance, always exhilarates the spirits, and the young ladies were in great force. They were overjoyed to see their friends, the Misses Neal. They remarked that it was an age since they had met; and they appeared to have so much to say to each other, that there was no time given for introductions. When they saw several strangers, however, in the room, they were quite shocked,—so shocked, indeed, that they all talked at once, and all apologized together. They didn't expect to see company, they said; they came for a sociable evening—they were quite ashamed—they were not dressed—they were sure they looked like frights; they couldn't think of dancing—they hadn't come prepared. They had nothing but walking-shoes on, for the snow was so deep they were afraid of taking cold. But they would try; they dared to say the gentlemen would be kind enough to excuse them.

Miss Lucinda Linn was what Mr. Stephen called a "screamer,"—that is, a girl in full health and spirits; tall, well formed, and exceedingly handsome; of an easy carriage, self-possessed, and, as he graphically described her, "as supple as an eel, and as full of fun as a kitten." Her sister was shorter, slender, delicate, and really graceful; but more shy, and less confident.

Miss Glee had one of the most beautiful complexions I ever beheld, and a head of hair Venus herself might have envied. She had not to learn that night for the first time that she was pretty: her beau and her glass had informed her of that fact long ago. Her mouth was exquisite, and you could not withdraw your eyes from it, for the utterance was so rapid that it was necessary to watch its motions to understand her. There was something inexpressibly droll in the manner in which her words were blended, or rather fused, together. Miss Lucy told me she was a little affected, but she was evidently mistaken, for her conversation came so naturally from her lips, nobody could suppose for a minute Art had anything to do with it; and, besides, her hair was dressed with an easy negligence of appearance that showed she did not think she required any adventitious aid to set off her appearance to advantage. On one cheek and shoulder long ringlets fell in rich profusion, on the other the hair was dressed plain; a graceful festoon covered the upper part of the cheek, and the returned end was simply fastened with a comb.

Her sister Jane was as light as a fairy, and as easy in all her motions. She was a dark beauty—a deep brunette. She wore a most provokingly short frock and petticoat—indeed she could not help it, the snow was so deep—but it displayed the sweetest little foot and ankle in the world. She was very unaffected, and prided herself on her candour. She said what she thought, and sometimes gave people what she called a piece of her mind. There was nothing remarkable in the dress of these young ladies, unless in its similarity; each having broad black-riband sandals to their shoes; a little gauze half-handkerchief pinned on the shoulders, and falling gracefully back from the front—skirts that hung wonderfully close to the figure—so much so, indeed, as to create great admiration in Mr. Stephen, who vowed they were as straight as bulrushes; and black mitts on their hands, embroidered on the back in gaudy colors.

Miss Lucy's sisters having joined the party, the commissary resumed his violin and put us all in motion, and we were soon in the mazes of a country-dance, our fair hostess and myself leading off, and Mr. Stephen keeping time to the music with his foot, and occasionally making us all laugh with his original and eccentric remarks. The ice was now broken, and we all became as well acquainted as if we had known each other for years. Tea and coffee were introduced and the dancing renewed; after which we had a supper, and a most substantial one it was. In addition to a turkey, ducks, chickens, and tongues, was a large ham, the upper surface of which was garnished with cloves of different sizes inserted perpendicularly, and presenting a striking resemblance to a newly cleared field dotted with its black charred stumps of trees. Large tarts (or pies, as they are universally called in this country), baked in plates, and composed of apples, cranberry, pumpkins, and wild gooseberry, were distributed with a view rather to abundance than order; and reflected great credit on the skill of Miss Lucy, for their flavour and quality were really excellent. Home-made preserves, consisting of the ordinary fruits and berries of the country, occupied and ornamented the centre of the table; and cakes of every variety and form—among which the favorite and very palatable dough nut was most conspicuous, and distributed wherever sufficient space could be found for them. Cider, ginger-beer, and wine, with something more potent for strong heads like Mr. Stephen's, though not so freely used, were as liberally provided. It was the first rural entertainment I had witnessed; and I understand that, though a similar one cannot, of course, be so suddenly produced elsewhere as at an inn, they are equally abundant and good in every substantial farmer's house in the province. Then came the best and the merriest dance of all, that which leaves the most agreeable and enduring impression—the last. It was the cushion-dance. We all formed a ring, in the centre of which was placed a gentleman with a bell in his hand; the company then danced round him several times. When he rang the bell the dancing ceased, and he selected any lady he pleased and kissed her; then she took his place, and the same ceremony was repeated, the choice devolving upon her as a matter of course. To give the ladies their due, they protested loudly against this amusement, and it was with some reluctance they consented to join in it at all. Their choice (much to the chagrin of the gentlemen, who pronounced the selection unfair) always fell on young Master Linn, a lad of fourteen years of age, who was the recipient of all their favours; but they could not be prevailed upon to alter the arrangement. While, on the other hand, they invariably fled before they would submit to the forfeit themselves; and frequently it was not until they had reached the next room that they were overtaken and compelled to pay toll, and not then without a considerable struggle. However, notwithstanding the reluctance manifested by them at first to take a part in the cushion-dance, it had the effect of exhilarating the spirits of every one so much, that they very civilly consented to its repetition, and it was immediately renewed with increased animation. Mr. Stephen was so delighted with it, never having seen it before, that he lamented most pathetically he was too old to participate in it; and vowed, with many extraordinary protestations, expressed in still more extraordinary language, that he thought the union of kissing and dancing the greatest invention of modern times.

"In my day it was plaguy formal," he said: "it was merely join hands, go two or three times round, cross over, and then obeisance. Oh! catch a chap waltzing, or whatever you call it, then with his arms round a gal's waist! why it would make old mothers and maiden aunts fairly faint! Indeed I aint just sure it wouldn't kill them on the spot! What a dance this cushion-dance would be for a man like me—wouldn't it!—that has a pair of arms long enough to take two forfeits all at once! Ah, Broadcloth!" patting Layton on the shoul-

der so earnestly as nearly to dislocate it, "you and Miss Lucy may talk of ghosts till you are tired, man, give me the rael —"

"Here it is," said Miss Lucy, handing him a tumbler of what she called mahogany, but which looked uncommonly like brandy and water.—"here it is; but (and she lowered her voice) don't talk nonsense afore the strangers, or p'raps they will think they can do so too, and that I won't stand."

"Right," said Stephen; I see it all with half an eye. I take it, for a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse. Your health, my beautiful young rosebud!"

I have before explained that a door opened into the keeping room, which concealed the (almost perpendicular) staircase leading to the bed-rooms occupied by the family. Several times during the evening I had heard a whispering and laughing behind this door; but while we were occupied in the last dance it suddenly flew open with great violence, and gave admittance to a very unexpected addition to our party. Three little boys, brothers to Miss Lucy (who had been sent early to bed that they might be out of the way, but who had been attracted by the music and taken post there for the purpose of peeping through the crevices and key-hole,) in their eagerness to obtain a good view, had forced the latch, and were precipitated into the centre of the room among the company, with no other covering on than their shirts, and exhibited a confused heap of bare heads, legs, and arms. As a matter of course, the young ladies were dreadfully shocked and alarmed, and screamed violently; but the uproarious shouts of delight with which the unwitting intruders were received by the rest of the company were so irresistible, that the contagion of the merriment overcame their nervousness, and at last they joined heartily in the general laughter. The two eldest boys, as soon as they recovered from the shock of their fall and surprise, made good their retreat; but the youngest, running behind Miss Lucy, endeavoured to envelope himself in the folds of her clothes, and thereby conceal the want of his own; and, in so doing, threatened to reduce her to the same state of destitution as himself. After an ineffectual struggle on her part to extricate herself from his embarrassing embraces, she retreated backwards to the staircase, and then turning round, pushed the little offender in, and shut the door upon him, with no very gentle admonition to go to bed, and a smack that sounded somewhat louder than a kiss, which was followed by an exclamation very unlike laughter.

"Well I never, in all my born days!" said Miss Lucy.

"Nor I either!" said Miss Glee. "Did you ever?"

"Well, I want to know," said Miss Linn.

"Say no more about it, ladies," added the commissary, resuming his violin.

"It's your turn with the bell, Miss Lucinda. Come, begin!"

"Ay, come to Frink!" said Stephen, and the order of the evening was again restored.

As soon as the dance was concluded, Mr. Stephen, who had been extremely excited by the sight and sound of the forfeits, and the "distress" under which they were "levied," sprung forward from his seat with great animation, and, taking up the tongs and shovel, placed them transversely on the floor.

"I will show you now, my beauties," he said, "the prettiest, and spryest, and the difficultest dance you ever see,—the kitchen-dance!" Few men can go through that with the cross-hop and the double back-shuffle, quick as wink, without as much as touching or brushing with heel or toe; and women can't do it—no how they can't work it, on account of their frock-tails. It requires a quick eye, a clear head, and an active foot, I can tell you; and with boots like mine I defy any one here or elsewhere to do it as supple as I can. General," he said, addressing himself to the young commissary, to the infinite amusement of every body present, can you play 'Zacky in the meal-tub'?"

"'Zacky in the meal-tub'" replied the other, repeating his words in unfeigned astonishment; "no: I never heard of it before!"

"Well, 'Jinny Kitoory'?"

"No, my good fellow," he said, laughing; "nor 'Jenny Kitoory,' neither."

"Well, 'High Betty Martin,' that will do. Can you play that, my young coals-and-candles?"

"No."

"No! Why, what the plague can you play, then? Give us 'Possum up a gum-tree,' or 'Oh, my kitten, my kitten!'"

"How does the latter go?" said the good-natured violinist. "Perhaps I may know it under another name."

"Why, this way, my sealed-tender man," replied Stephen, humming the air for him. "Ah, that's it!" he continued, exultingly, as the musician recognised the tune; "that's it, General Rations! Now, Miss Lucy, see, this is the way!" and he exhibited feats of agility that, for a man of his age, were truly surprising. But the young ladies were shocked. They said the dance was low, noisy, and vulgar; protested that they had never seen or heard it before, and never desired to see it again; and, moreover, wondered what sort of society Mr. Stephen must have kept to have acquired such coarse manners and savage habits. It might do for negroes, they said, but it certainly was not fit, and never was intended, to be exhibited before company. If it failed, however, to secure the approbation of the ladies, it was duly appreciated by the young men, who were uncommonly delighted with it, and testified their gratification so loudly and so warmly, that Stephen exclaimed, with evident pride—

"That's nothing, my hearties, to what I onset could do, and guess I can still do; but these confounded boots are as thick and as hard in the sole as a ploughshare. Who can do this?" and, taking up a tumbler filled with water, he held his head erect, and, placing the glass on his crown, he put his arms a kimbo, and commenced anew the difficult evolutions of the "Tongs and Shovel," or "Kitchen-dance." The unceasing clatter of his boots, the absurd and comical expression of his face, and the singularly grotesque contortions of his body, convulsed the commissary with laughter, who, playing irregularly and without regard either to time or tune, so disturbed and enraged poor Stephen, that he lost his balance, and, entangling his feet between the legs of the tongs, he was precipitated with his tumbler and its contents upon the floor with a crash that seemed to threaten a descent into the cellar.

"Who is that dreadful man?" said Miss Glee.

"I am sure I don't know," said Miss Linn, with a disdainful toss of her pretty chin. "He is no acquaintance of mine, I assure you; but whoever he is, he is quite tipsy, I am sure. Come, let's be moving now, for it's getting well on to morning, and I am dreadfully frightened."

"Lucy, dear," said Miss Lucinda, in a patronising and expostulatory tone, "why do you admit such creatures as that fellow into the keeping-room? he is only fit to herd with the corns in the bar. Who is the horrid animal, and where in the world does he come from?"

"Oh, it's only his way, dear," said Lucy. "He is a sort of oddity—a kind of privileged person. Nobody minds him. He is Mr. Stephen Richardson, of Bear River in Clements."

"Oh, so I should think!" replied the other; "but bears are dangerous, and ought not to be suffered to go at large—"

"Let st they should hug!" said Mr. Stephen, who, hearing these flattering remarks, came softly up behind his fair defamer, and, seizing her round the waist, lifted her up and punished the sweet, pert little darling, as he called her, by passing his rough beard first over one of her cheeks, and then over the other, and greatly increasing their colour at the risk of drawing the blood, and then kissing her, to her inexpressible mortification.

The sleds were now at the door, and the young ladies took a most affectionate leave of their guests, who, on their part, hoped the Misses Neal would soon come and see them sociably, for it was really an age since they had met; and, besides, they were very lonely in winter, being moped to death in the house, unable to get out for the depth of the snow and the unbroken state of the roads. I accompanied the Misses Linn home, so as to see them safely over the drifts; and the commissary conveyed (as Stephen called it) the two Misses Glee.

We had scarcely proceeded a hundred yards when we were all precipitated into a snow-bank, which was the cause of much merriment, as no injury ever arises from a fall upon the untrodden and newly fallen snow. It shewed, however, the necessity of precaution. I, therefore, took my seat in the centre, and, extending out both my arms, one lady took my right hand in her left, and the other my left in her right, which had the effect of making a secure, sociable, and agreeable support; though, as Miss Lucinda said, one that nothing but the danger of upsetting could justify. When we returned we sat by the fire after the family had retired for the night, smoked our cigars, and chatted over the events of the evening. I was expressing my gratification to Barclay at having had such a favourable opportunity of seeing the mode in which people in the settlements in this country live; when he said,—

"As a stranger, you would be apt to be misled by what you have seen this night. Don't undervalue these girls from their freedom of manner. That freedom arises from the perfect security engendered by their situation. Many of them are connected, and all of them are neighbours and friends. They meet like one family, and live with and towards each other as such. Each individual is dependant on the rest for mutual assistance and good offices, and they constitute themselves all the society they have. The protection that forms and ceremonies throw round the members of large communities is not here needed. Where there is no aggression to be dreaded, defences are not required. They are a simple minded, warm hearted, hospitable, and virtuous people. The levity you see is the levity of good spirits and conscious safety. The frank and easy demeanor (you would call it boldness elsewhere) is the manner of childhood, that has grown in both sexes into the conduct of maturity. So far as my experience goes, I see no danger in it."

Here Mr. Stephen gave a low, prolonged whistle. Whether it was designed to ascertain if his old enemy the dog was in the room, or to denote that his means of information were greater than Barclay's and led to a different conclusion, I do not know. He took up his candle, however, and bade us good night and when he got near the door where the commissary sat, said,—

"Friend Barclay, there is no danger to the sheep, do you mind, when they play in the pasture by themselves; but when the wolf pays them a visit, the closer they keep to home the better."

THE SLAVE-MARKET OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

A most interesting group presented itself before us: two female slaves, both with most pleasing countenances, stood together closely embraced, the arm of the one round the neck of the other; their attitude, as well as the strong likeness between them, pointing them out at once as sisters. By their side was an African slave-dealer, in whose ferocious countenance it seemed impossible to discern a trace of human feeling. He was armed with a large heavy stick, with which he drove them to and fro, literally like a herd of animals. Three or four Turks were discussing with considerable animation, the price of one of the women; but the bargain had been struck just before we came in, and one of the party, a stout, good-looking man, was paying down the money. When this was completed, with an imperious movement of the hand, he motioned to his newly-purchased slave to follow him. It was the youngest and the most timid of the two sisters whom he had selected. Nothing could have been more painful than to watch the intense, the terrified anxiety, with which both had followed the progress of sale; and now it was concluded, and they knew that the moment of separation was arrived, she whose fate had been sealed, disengaged herself, and, turning round, placed her two hands on her sister's shoulders, with a firm grasp, and gazed into her eyes. Not words, not tears, could have expressed one-half of the mute, unutterable despair that dwelt in that long, heart-rending gaze. It were hard to say which face was most eloquent of misery; but the Turk was impatient; he clapped his hands together. This was a well-known signal. A slight tremor shook the frame of the young slave; her arms fell powerless at her side, and she turned to follow her master. The voiceless but agonised farewell was over. In another moment, we could just distinguish her slender figure threading its way through the crowd, in company with the other slaves belonging to the Turk. Her sister had hid herself behind her companions, and now sat on the ground, her head sunk upon her folded arms.

A Shrewd Smuggler.—Eighteen smugglers, each carrying a sack of Berne gunpowder, were travelling across a rocky furrow. The last of the file perceived that his sack diminished sensibly in weight, whereat he was quite disposed to rejoice, when it occurred to suspect shrewdly that the lightening of the load arose, possibly, from the decrease of its bulk. It was but too true. A long train of powder appeared on the track he had pursued. This was a loss, in the first place; but, what was worse, it was a token which might betray the march of the band, and jeopardise its business. He cried "Halt!" and hereupon his seventeen comrades sat themselves down, each on his sack, to drink a drop and wipe their faces. Meanwhile, the other—the shrewd one—retraced his steps till he came to the end of his train of gunpowder. He reached it after two hours' walking, and set fire to it with his pipe, in order to destroy the clue. Two minutes afterwards he heard a superb explosion, which reverberating from the rocky mountain walls, rolling through the valleys and ascending the gorges, caused him a marvellous surprise. It was the seventeen sacks, which had been fired by the train, and had bounced into the air, carrying with them the seventeen fathers of families that were seated on them.

Rudolph Topffers.

A Good Suggestion.—It has been urged, in defence of our public monuments, that, bad as they are, they will eventually pave the way to something better. For our own parts, we should be very glad to see them paving the way to anything, for at present the stone of which they are constructed is completely wasted.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

In our last we called the attention of our readers, to the present political condition of the British Provinces; particularly that of Nova Scotia; and as then proposed, it is our intention in this number, to advert it to a more pleasing feature in colonial affairs—the contemplated improvement of those fine countries, on the north and west of the United States, by the introduction of rail roads, which must lead to the development of their varied and valuable resources, and the eventual settlement of immense tracts of land, at present lying in a wilderness state; but which with adequate culture, may be made capable not only of sustaining a numerous and heavy peasantry, but of yielding an abundant surplus, with which to purchase the manufactures of the Parent State, and wherewith to sustain those, by whose skill and industry they are produced.

While at St. Andrews last autumn, we had an opportunity of investigating the plan then under consideration, for laying down a wooden railway from that town to Woodstock. On our return to this city, we called public attention to the enterprise, and are happy to find that it has been taken up in England, where a powerful influence has been created in its favour; and that the British Government has secured an annual interest of five per cent to the stockholders in Great Britain upon the capital subscribed for there; those in the colonies being satisfied with the commercial prospects and local benefits, fits, which the undertaking promises.

St. Andrews, where the proposed rail road will commence, lies at the head of a noble sheet of water, near the entrance of the Bay of Fundy, at the mouth of the river St. Croix, which separates the British Provinces from the State of Maine; its harbour is open to navigation for the largest class of ships, has safe anchorage, and is free from ice during all seasons of the year. Woodstock, at which the contemplated line will terminate, is eighty miles distant in the interior of the Province, about ten miles from the boundary line in that direction, and fourteen miles from the American military post of Houlton. And it is intended ultimately to extend it to Quebec, a farther distance of less than two hundred miles, by the most approved route; which we conceive will pass through the northern part of the State of Maine.

About eleven years since, the British government caused a survey to be made of this line; but farther proceedings were arrested, in consequence of representations made by the Government of the United States, that the projected undertaking would run through the territory, then a subject of dispute between the two countries; and which now forms part of the Union. This would evidently be the best route; and the enterprise would be, like that between Portland and Montreal, a joint one, entered into by the inhabitants of Maine and New Brunswick; uniting them not only by an iron, but a "golden chain."

Nothing can more strikingly evince the want of energy on the part of the colonists, and which the parent government has hitherto neglected to awaken or encourage, than the circumstance, that while in the United States there are from five to six thousand miles of railroad communication; in the colonial possessions there are at present not one hundred. The British ministry however, now appear to be alive to the importance of opening up these fine Provinces, and of founding an empire, as it were; whose inhabitants would be bound by the strongest ties of gratitude and affection to the country from whence they spring, and whose interests and honor they would feel it their duty to defend and maintain. With this view, extensive surveys have been in progress during the last three years, made by competent engineers, for the purpose of ascertaining the most eligible site for a railroad route between Halifax and Quebec, which might either form the main line, with which that to Woodstock would communicate, or terminating at its junction with that of New Brunswick, proceed, as already intimated, through Maine to Quebec. On the latter of these lines—and there are three—we shall have occasion to speak more particularly, when we come to the consideration of the route from Ireland to Nova Scotia.

These are undertakings worthy of a great nation; and the only subject of astonishment is, that the clear headed statesmen of Great Britain, in carrying out a far seeing policy, have neglected them so long. In the present instance not only is five per-cent guaranteed to stockholders in England, upon a capital of £80,000 sterling; but a strip of land two hundred feet wide, is ceded in perpetuity on each side of the line, for its entire length, embracing the frontage of all lots to be hereafter granted; and 20,000 acres besides, to be selected in the most convenient places. Besides which, every facility and aid will be afforded, for colonizing the extreme tracts, that will in this way be thrown open for improvement.

Connected with this branch of the subject, however, a question arises, which has before been agitated, but which the test of experience, we should suppose, had already set at rest. We allude to the proposal to grant land upon credit. This has rarely, if ever, been found to answer; and in the estimation of persons well acquainted with the subject never will answer; but like a great many other benevolent crochets of well meaning theorists, would lead to disappointment and fraud; while the yearly payment of rent, however trifling, would hang like a millstone around the necks of the more honest and struggling settler. Our limits will not permit our discussing more at large this important question; and which besides, might be considered as out of place.

But there is another subject under consideration, in which the people of the United States are deeply interested; and that is the shortest and most direct route across the Atlantic, by means of steam vessels; from the coast of Ireland to the American continent. The point of departure is at present causing much controversy in Great Britain; and as we have some valuable documents

bearing upon the question, to which it has for some time been our intention to allude, we deem the present a most fitting occasion to express our views, and to communicate such information as we possess, with reference to the route between the harbour of Valencia on the west coast of Ireland, and Halifax in Nova Scotia; the nearest point on this continent which can be approached with any degree of certainty and safety; and to which we shall refer in our next number.

MILITARY JOKES.

No one availed himself of this 'license de garrison' to such an extent as Peter P——, with the exception perhaps of C——, of whom more anon. Peter said and did any thing; but said and did it in such a way that it was quite impossible to be offended with him. Offended! you never dreamt of such a thing! such an idea never entered your head! The Commandant himself never thought of taking offence at Peter; for credit me, Peter sometimes didn't spare even him. Offence! bless you! 'twas quite a pleasure to be Peter's butt: you wouldn't have missed the fun for anything. He held you up to universal ridicule so whimsically and so wittily, and withal in such a good-natured, way, without the slightest admixture of bitterness or maliciousness in it, that you. Besides, how could you feel angry with one who never spared himself! who told the most ridiculous anecdotes of his infancy, and expatiated on his own personal defects and peculiarities with such *gout*? It wasn't on the dice, Sir.

Peter was not literary; on the contrary, he had a contempt for all sendentary pursuits, you were enchanted, and felt quite sorry when he had done roasting and those who followed them; a class he used to designate by a epithet more physiologically correct than elegant. But if Peter never read books, he read men, and few ever read, them better. Indeed his talent in this particular almost amounted to clairvoyance. I would have defied any one to humbug Peter. He could improvise a man's points after being a few hours in his company as correctly as if he had known him for years, ay, and that as pithily, and wittily, and quaintly as Hook himself could have done, for improvising was another of Peter's talents, a faculty he possessed, perhaps to as great an extent as Hook, with a deeper insight into character, though he lacked Hook's sparkle and Hook's acquirements*. I have heard Peter versify the events of the day with as much fluency and minuteness as if he had done it in prose, and without the slightest exaggeration. I could fill pages with Peter's good things. Unfortunately, the most 'piquantes' will not bear printing; one or two I will venture on.

Peter, whenever he called on a certain lady, was always sure to find Captain Alms with her. Whereupon he got a piece of chalk, and wrote upon her door "Alms House."

F——asked Peter, who had just returned from town, if there was any news.

"Oh! great, surprising!" replied Peter, "I've paid my tailor, and the poor devil was so overcome by surprise when he saw my money, that he was obliged to take his bed, and it's feared brandy won't save him."

M——, who was of a religious turn, wrote a book on the Revelations, and being very very anxious to convert Peter, he called upon him, and presented him with a copy. "Now, I hope my dear P——," continued M——, "you'll oblige me by reading it!"

"Oh! certainly, of course," said Peter, eyeing the beast with many heads etched on the frontispiece; "but I say, M——, he'd be a rum one to groom!"

Peter was not a man to be slighted, or made a convenience of. One day he met Colonel J——, who had cut him in London, at Ostend. The Colonel, who had just landed, and thought Peter might be of service, to him, saluted him very cordially.

"I tell you what it is, Colonel J——," said Peter, drawing himself up, and refusing the Guardsman's hand; "you wouldn't know me in St. James's Street, and I won't know you at Ostend," and passed on.

Peter, to his credit, never let his habits interfere with his duty. He was not only an efficient, but a zealous officer, and brave *a la folie*. When the French bombarded Fort Lillo, in 1814, Peter, who, was in garrison there, jumped on the parapet, and by a very expressive piece of pantomime, signified his contempt for the assailants. We called him Peter, but

"His Christian name was John."

But more of P——when we come to Paris.

C——, without Peter's talents, or Peter's 'bonhomie,' exercised almost as great a license among us. I question if C—— didn't take even greater liberties. He was the Sir Mungo Malagrowth of the garrison. He made it his business to torment every living thing, from poor, Colonel Riou down to the guard house dog, from whose mouth he would kick a bone. It was useless to affront C——; he wouldn't take offence. It was equally useless to evade his persecutions; he was sure to hit on your vulnerable point—sure to find out your raw, if you had one—and if you hadn't, 'twas all the same; like the hackney coachmen in Mathew's at Home, he "would 'tablish von."

One day I happened to be Subaltern on the main-guard; Boag was Captain. Boag, who had just been appointed to the rocket troop, had stepped down to the carriage department to see how his new portable forge was progressing, while I, for want of some better way of beguiling time joined old General Willington, who was walking, with his hands behind him, on the pave in front of the boring-house, to get up an appetite.

[Enter C——, whom the General detested.]

C. "Good morning, General.

General. "Pshaw! What brings you here?"

C. "I'm on the wharf-guard, General. I'm come up to dinner. How do you find yourself to-day?"

General. "Humph! none the better for seeing you."

C. "None the better for seeing anybody, I fear. What does Fitzpatrick say?"

General. "Pshaw! What have I to do with Fitzpatrick, or any other medicinal man? You want to persuade me I'm ill now!"

C. "Persuade you! why it's all over the garrison that he goes three times a day to see you."

General (angrily). "Then there's a pack of lies all over the garrison. I

* I am not aware that the following impromptu of Theodore Hook's has ever appeared in print:—

"There sits Mathew Winter, collector of taxes,
Who'll get from you all whatsoever he asks!
You must down with your dust! he'll have none of your flummery!
For tho' Winter's his name, his proceedings are summary!"

never was better in all my life—never. But I don't believe a word of it. It's all your own invention."

C. "Well, only ask Portfire here! He can tell you—"

General. "Pshaw! I don't care what's reported! I tell you I never was better in all my life! Never!" (Turns away.)

C. (raising his voice). "Colonel G—— will be glad to hear it."

General (stopping). "Colonel G——!"

C. "Yes. He's next on the list, isn't he? I heard him asking in the reading-room yesterday if yours wasn't a capital house."

General. "Pshaw! I don't believe a word of it. It's all your own invention. You'd better go down to your guard, and attend to your duty. You've no business to leave it. Your dinner ought to be sent down to you. If I was Commandant——"

C. "Not much chance of that! I never saw General Lloyd looking better. He has taken quite a new lease, and——"

General (turning off). "Good morning, gentlemen; good morning."

C. (calling after him). "General, General."

General (stopping). "Pshaw! Well, what cursed thing are you going to say now?"

C. (pointing to posts and chains). "Do you know what they're inclosing this green for?"

General. "No. Do you?"

C. "Yes."

General. "What?"

C. "A burying-ground for the Field-Officers."

General (hurrying home). "Pshaw! D—n the fellow! Shan't eat a morsel."

[Enter Boag, with a face like a sunbeam.]

C. "Well, how d'ye come on, Boag?"

Boag. "Oh, famously, Sir, famously. 'Gad, our forge will be just the thing. Strangways likes it too. So does Wright. In fact, we're getting so forward now that I've no doubt in a week or ten days——"

C. "Ten devils! You'll not get off these six weeks."

Boag. "The deuce we shant. I expect to be half-way to Paris by that."

C. "Ahem!"

Boag. "You think we shan't then?"

C. "Oh, I don't say that. Nothing's impossible. But, if I were you, I'd apply for six-pounders."

Boag. "Six-pounders!"

C. "You'd better. Depend upon it those whizzing fizzing things will never answer."

Boag. "Why not?"

C. "Because they won't."

Boag. "That's a reason, certainly. But what makes you so positive, C——, that rockets won't answer?"

C. "Because they're like pigs."

Boag. "Pigs!"

C. "Yes. They never go the way you want them."

Boag (getting disconcerted). "Ha, ha. That's very witty, certainly."

C. "Isn't it true? Beside, I'm convinced this famous forge of yours won't answer. I was looking at it as I went my rounds, and——"

Boag. "Why, what's the matter with the forge, C——?"

C. "It's too heavy."

Boag. "Too heavy!"

C. "A pretty deal. I should just like to see the horse that could carry that forge."

Boag. "Come to our stables to-morrow, and I'll show you the horse that not only can but will carry it. Come, I'll bet you a dozen of claret, C——, that horse carries it."

C. "Ah, that's all very fine. But, as for your rockets, Congreve may say what he likes; you'll never be able to throw them."

Boag (irritated). "I beg your pardon! You know no thing at all about it. We made excellent practice yesterday, and——"

C. "What d'ye call excellent practice? Going two hundred and fifty yards to the right, and then coming back again? I say, how many of your own men did you kill yesterday, Boag?"

Boag. "Mr. C——, I must request you'll give your tongue less license. Such language is highly improper. You—you're talking, Sir, of what you don't understand. You—you——"

C. (laying it on thick). "Well, I only gave my opinion. I only said what I thought,—what the whole garrison thinks. I only said I thought your forge an ill contrived——"

Boag. "Mr. C——."

C. "That your fine rockets you make such a fuss about——"

Boag. "If you persist, Mr. C——."

C. "If you put every officer in arrest who disapproves of those infernal fiz-gigs you'll have enough to do, Captain Boag. You'll have to do all the duty yourself, Captain Boag. Portfire, here, can tell you,—every body can tell you,—there isn't a little duck-legged drummer in the garrison that can't tell you——"

Boag. "Ha! ha! ha!—Ha! ha! ha!"

C. "Ah! you may laugh; but——"

Boag. "It's impossible to help it, my dear C——. It would be ridiculous to do otherwise. Ha! ha! ha! I see you can't help it—it's constitutional; but here's Portfire! Stick to him. I dine at the General's."

And C—— did stick to me. Finding I was near promotion, he laboured hard to convince me that I should infallibly fall into a West India vacancy, and die of the black vomit.

GIACOMO DA VALENCIA; OR, THE STUDENT OF BOLOGNA.—A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

Of all the students that assembled at Bologna, A.D. 1324, Giacomo da Valencia was the most popular and the most beloved. His wealth, his liberality, his noble spirit, his handsome persons, his bravery, and his wit, gave him a just title to this pre-eminence.

Of all the beauties of the town of Bologna, whose mission it was in the same year of grace, 1324, to turn the heads and inflame the hearts of this assemblage of students, none could be compared to Constantia, niece of Giovanni D'Andrea, one of the most celebrated jurisconsults of his age.

Of course, then, they loved each other, this peerless couple. No. Only the student loved. The lady was fancy-free. The perverse god, having shot one arrow forth—buried it up to the very feather—"would not shoot his other."

No prayers and no clamour could avail: he held it loosely in his hand, letting its golden point trail idly upon the sand.

In vain had Giacomo been the most constant attendant upon mass; in vain had he lingered hour after hour on the promenade to catch one look of recognition; in vain had he courted every family she visited, and for the last six months had selected his acquaintances on one principle only,—that they were hers, and might introduce him to her presence. All his efforts were fruitless—Constantia, so amiable to all others, so sweet, so gentle, was cold to him. She would not love. Why not? What was there wanting in our cavalier? Was it birth, or wealth, or nobility of spirit, or personal beauty? No, nothing was wanting—nothing in him. But, for her, the hour had not yet struck. It was summer all around, but the heart of the virgin—the rose of Bologna—was still sleeping in its coiled leaves, and not to day would it unfold itself.

But the passion of Giacomo was invincible: no coldness could repulse, no denial reduce him to despair. Love cannot exist, cannot endure, say reasonable people, without hope. True. But a great passion bears its own hope in its bosom. Neither was it in the nature or temperament of Giacomo lightly to relinquish any enterprise he had once undertaken. The following incident in his college life will serve to show the ardent, serious, and indomitable temper of the lover of Constantia. A French cavalier, lately emancipated from the university of Paris, who, while there, had borne off the prize from all,—not, indeed, in scholarship, but for his unrivalled dexterity in the noble art of defence,—had visited Bologna, and challenged to a trial of skill the most renowned champion it could boast. They would cross their rapiers, the challenge said, or the honour of their respective universities. This proclamation of the Parisian, affixed, according to custom, to the college gates, was no sooner read than all eyes were turned to Giacomo. To him alone could the honour of the university be safely intrusted; indeed, if he should decline the challenge, it was doubtful whether any other would risk a trial of skill from which he had retreated. Thus pointed out by public opinion as the champion of the university, and solicited by his fellow students to sustain its reputation in the high and noble science of defence, he overcame the first repugnance which he felt to what seemed to him the boastful acceptance of a boastful challenge. He and the Frenchman met. The Frenchman manifested the greater skill; it seemed evident that the contest would end in the defeat of the Bolognese. "Let us try," said Giacomo, "with the naked rapier;" for hitherto the points had been guarded. That such a proposition should have come from him who was manifestly the least skilful of the two, seemed the result of passion, of blind anger at approaching defeat. Mere madness! cried some of his best friends. But it was not madness, it was not passion; it was deliberately done. He knew that the earnestness of the combat would call forth all his own skill and energy to the utmost; it might very probably have the opposite effect upon his adversary. His reasoning was justified by the event. His antagonist had no sooner accepted the proposition—no sooner had the pointed been substituted for the guarded rapier, than the rival fencers seemed to have changed characters. The French cavalier grew cautious; his rapid and brilliant attack gave place to defensive and more measured movements. While the Bolognese, whom his friends expected to see fall a sacrifice to his impetuosity of temper, became more rapid, more self-possessed, more bold and decisive in his play. He now very soon, and happily without any fatal result to his antagonist, established his superiority, and vindicated the honour of his university. When chidden for his rashness, and what was thought a freak of passion, he answered that he never acted in a more cool and calculating spirit in his life. "I did but burn the ships behind me that I might fight the better. I am never so calm," he added, "or so thoroughly master of myself, as when most in earnest; and this is not generally the character of a Parisian."

Such was the serious, brave, and resolute spirit of Giacomo. But he had other qualities than those which made him the most popular student of the university; and as a proof of this, we need only mention that he was the intimate friend of Petrarch, at this time also a student at Bologna. Though despatched to this university by his father for the express purpose of prosecuting the study of the law, Petrarch was wrapt up in his Latin classics and his poetry; and it was precisely in our brave and handsome cavalier that he found the companion who most completely sympathised with him in his pursuits, and most correctly appreciated his nascent genius.

These two friends had been walking together in silence for some time under the long colonnades which then, as now, lined the streets of Bologna. A more noble pair have rarely traversed those colonnades. The poet, remarkable for his beauty, was in his youth very studious of elegance in his dress; and the short velvet cloak, with its border of gold or silver lace, was always thrown over his slight, but finely moulded figure, with a grace which would have satisfied the eye of a painter. From time to time he might be seen to brush away, or to shake off, the specks of dust which had settled on it, or to re-adjust by a movement intended to appear unconscious, the folds of its drapery. His companion, taller, and of a somewhat larger build, and far more costly in his attire, though utterly unoccupied with it, walked "like one of the lions" by his side.

"My dear Giacomo," said Petrarch, breaking the long silence, "what has befallen you? Not a word—certainly not two in any coherent succession, have you uttered for the last hour."

"Neither to-day, nor yesterday!" muttered Giacomo to himself, certainly not in answer to his friend,— "Neither to-day, nor yesterday—perhaps, she means never to go to mass again."

"What are you talking, or rather, thinking of?"

"What I am always thinking of, my dear Petrarch,—what I shall never cease thinking of till it prove my destruction—what some spirit of divination tells me that it will."

"Really, really, Giacomo," said his friend, "you show in this a most insane pertinacity. Here are you, week after week, month after month——"

"I know it—know all you would say.—Good God! how beautiful she is!"

"Here are you—for I will speak"—continued his youthful but grave associate, "who are simply the most perfect cavalier in all Bologna—(one would not flatter, but this physis is, in some cases, absolutely necessary)—at once the boast and envy of the whole university—wasting, consuming yourself away, in a perpetual fever after the only woman, I take it upon me to declare——"

"Psha! psha! Tell me, if you would have me listen, what further can I do? I have wooed her in sonnets, which ought to have affected her, for Petrarch polished the verse. Nothing touches her. She is as obdurate as steel. Not a smile—not, at least, for me—and for all others she smiles how sweetly how intelligently, how divinely! But by the Holy Cross! she shall love me! Petrarch, she shall!—she shall!"

"My dear Giacomo, you rave. Be a little reasonable. Lover as you are,

stay on this side of madness. Love on—if it must be so, love her for ever; but do not for ever be striving for a return of your passion. Take home your unrequited love into your bosom, nourish it there, but do not exasperate it by a bootless and incessant struggle against fate. For my part, I can conceive there may be a strange sweet luxury in this solitary love that lives in one breast alone. It is all your own. It is fed, kindled, diversified, sustained by your own imagination. It is passion without the gross thralldom of circumstance. It is the pure relation of soul to soul, without the vast, intricate, unmanageable relationship of life to life."

"To you, a poet," replied Giacomo with a slight tone of sarcasm, "such a passion may be possible. Perhaps you care not for more heat than serves to animate and make fluent the verse. Pleased with the glow of fancy and of feeling, you can stop short of possession. I cannot! Oh, you poets! you fuse your passion with your genius: you describe, you do not feel."

"Not feel!" exclaimed Petrarch "we cannot then describe."

"Oh, yes! you can describe. You fling the golden light of imagination, like a light from heaven, round the object of your adoration; but, in return, the real woman is translated herself to the skyey region of imagination. She becomes a creature of your thoughts. You are conscious that the glory you have flung around her, you can re-assume. Petrarch, Petrarch! if you ever love, if you are constant to any woman from Spring-time to the last leaf of Autumn, it will be to some fair creature who dwells for ever, and only, in your imagination, whom you will never press to your bosom. You poets love beauty, you love passion, you love all things fair and great, and you make a vision of them all. You sing them, and there's an end."

"Well, well," said the poet, warding off the attack with a smile, "I have brought down, it seems, a severe castigation on myself."

"Dear, dear Petrarch! let it teach you never again to give advice to a lover, unless it be to show him how, or where, he is so meet his mistress. Fool that I am! she is, perhaps, all this time in the Church of St Giovanni." And without another word he darted up a street that led to that same church, leaving his friend to follow or not, as he pleased.

CHAPTER II.

There was, indeed, something like perversity, it must be allowed, in this firm refusal of Constantia to reward so devoted an attachment. Even her stern, grave uncle, whose judicial functions were not likely to give him much leisure or disposition to interfere with the love affairs of his niece, had dropped a hint that the suit of Giacomo da Valencia would not be displeasing to himself. Bologna could not have supplied a more fitting match: our lover, therefore, was not guilty of presumption, though of much obstinacy. It was his right, this blessed hand of Constantia, he felt it was his right, and he would win it.

Some one, some day, she must surely love, he argued to himself, and why not me? and why not now? Oh, could I but plead my passion, he would say, alone,—pour it out unrestrained at her feet, she would surely see how reasonable it was that she should love, that she ought, that she must! To his excited and impetuous mood of mind, it appeared that nothing but the artificial barrier which the customs of society interposed in their intercourse, prevented his success. He could never see her alone, never speak unreservedly and passionately. The presence of others imposed restraints on both; and if an opportunity occurred to speak without being overheard, the few moments were filled with embarrassment by reason of their brief and precarious tenure. Nay, what were a few moments to him who had so full a heart to utter? "Oh, could I place her there!" he would exclaim, pointing to the upper end of the spacious room he occupied, "and there kneel down and pray before her, as men do to their saints! Oh Nature! Oh Heaven! you would not so desert me, that my prayer should be fruitless."

Yes! if she were there alone, no other mortal near! This thought so wrought within him, took so strong possession of his mind, that it led him to a thousand projects for its realisation. What if he carried her off by force from her uncle's residence, and brought her there? Surely the humility, the passionate devotion with which he would entreat her, would atone for the rash and violent means he had used to bring her within the scope of his supplications; and the utter submission, and profound respect of his manner, would immediately convince her that he had no design upon her freedom of will, and that she might confide with entire safety to his honour. And as to the feasibility of the project, popular and beloved as he was in the university, there were numbers of students quite ready to engage in any scheme he should propose, however hazardous it might be. It would be very easy for him to organise a little band of the most faithful and the boldest of his adherents, who, with a due mixture of stratagem and force, would accomplish this new and harmless species of abduction.

The uncle of Constantia held, as we have intimated, a high judicial post, and was sometimes absent from Bologna, administering justice amongst the several dependencies of the republic. On one of these occasions Constantia was sitting with a female friend, who had been invited to stay with her during his absence from home. The room they sat in was one of those fine old Gothic chambers, which the pencil of Haghe delights to reproduce and restore for us; and to his pencil we willingly leave the description of it. Constantia was seated on one of those tall arm-chairs, with straight high back, which beauty then made graceful to the eye, and leaned her little chin upon her doubled hand, as she listened to her friend, Leonora, who was reading her a lecture upon the very theme which makes the burden of our story, her coldness to Giacomo.

"What would you have? what do you expect?" was the triumphant close of her harangue.

"What would I have?" replied Constantia. "Myself! I would possess my self in peace and stillness. What do I expect? I do not live on expectation. I love my present life—its calm, its contentment, its freedom. Why would you help to rob me of these?"

"Freedom! So, then, you fear the tyrant in the husband. But, my dear Constantia, where there are only two in the society, there is an even chance for the tyranny."

"A pleasant prospect! But you mistake me, Leonora. It is not the husband in his tyranny I fear,—I have not come to think of that; it is the lover and his love! I would not be infected by the turmoil of his passion. I dread it. Friends let me have and cherish. Leonora, be you always one of them; but for this turbulent Love, may the lightest down upon his pinion never touch me! How soft it seems, how light, as light and soft as the down we rob the swan's neck of; but touch it, and it burns, and fans a fever into the veins. I do love my own calm life, and I will keep it."

As she spoke thus, she rose from her seat and advanced towards the window. The two friends stood looking together down the street, which, as the sun descended, began to be deserted of its usual crowd. Their attention was arrested by a numerous body of footmen, and other attendants, who were escorting

apparently some lady in a sedan chair. They were rather surprised to observe that the sedan chair directed its course towards their own house. A knocking at the door was heard; and soon after their servant brought them word, that a certain Signora—desired urgently to speak with Constantia, but that she could not quit her chair. The persons whose name was announced, was an old lady, one of Constantia's most intimate friends; she descended immediately into the hall to meet her. She precipitated herself towards the sedan chair, the door of which stood open; a slight impulse from some bystander, from a hand which trembled as it touched her, carried her forward, and she found herself seated in what indeed was an empty chair. Before she had time to raise an alarm, she found herself borne swiftly and softly along the street. Leonora, who had followed her friend down the stairs, and was a witness to her singular disappearance, called up all the servants of the establishment, and despatched them after their mistress. They followed, but to no purpose. The running footmen on either side of the sedan, drew their swords. They were students in disguise. Giacomo had succeeded in his daring enterprise.

Constantia had hardly collected her thoughts, when she perceived that her chair was carried through a lofty archway up a broad flight of stairs, and deposited in a spacious apartment, once the proud saloon of a palatial residence, though the whole building, of which it formed a part, had since been constituted a portion of the university. All her attendants except one left the room. We need not say that it was Giacomo who handed her from her temporary imprisonment.

To judge from their bearing and attitude, you would have said that it was Giacomo who was the captive, bending before the mercy of Constantia. She stood there, upright, calm, inflexible. He was indeed, at her mercy. He felt that his life depended on this present moment, and on the few words that should fall from her lips. He led her to the upper end of the room where his imagination had so often placed her. He knelt—he sued.

Beginning with abrupt protests and exclamations, his impassioned pleading gradually grew more continuous, but not less vehement, till it flowed in the full torrent of a lover's eloquence. On all this turbulent pathos Constantia looked calmly down, more in sorrow than in anger. From the moment she understood in whose power she was, she had ceased (so much justice she had at least done to the character of her lover) to have any alarm whatever on her own account; but she was filled with regret, disquietude, and concern for the fatal consequences which might ensue to himself from the unwarrantable step he had taken. "Restore me to my uncle's before he shall hear of this," were the only words she vouchsafed in return to all his passionate appeal.

But the pleading of the desperate lover was not, as may well be supposed, allowed to proceed without interruption. Leonora, a young girl of spirit and animation, immediately sent forth the servants of the household to rouse up the friends of the family, and to spread every where the report of the strange outrage which had been committed upon one of the most respected families of Bologna. A fleet messenger was especially despatched to the uncle of Constantia, distant only a few miles from the town, to recall him to a scene where his presence was so much required. There was a perpetual standing feud between the citizens of Bologna and the students of the university, which had often disturbed the tranquillity of the city; it was therefore with extreme alacrity and zeal that the townsmen rushed in crowds into the streets, armed with the best weapons they could procure, to rescue the niece of their venerable judge, and to punish the gross outrage which they conceived had been perpetrated.

When however, the multitude came in front of the large mansion or palace in which Giacomo resided, and which was tenanted entirely by students, the great majority of whom were his zealous partisans, and all of whom were prepared, in any quarrel whatever to take part against the townsmen, they found the enterprise they had undertaken to be one of no little difficulty. The huge gates were closed and barred, while the windows above were occupied by a spirited garrison who had already supplied themselves with missiles of every description to annoy their assailants. These latter began, with true Italian energy, to pull up the posts out of the street, to form battering-rams with which to force the gates. They thundered at them with dreadful din, shaking the whole edifice; and in spite of the missiles despatched in quick succession from above seemed to be on the point of effecting an entrance.

When Constantia heard this horrible din she turned pale with affright—Giacomo pale with rage. He could make no impression on the cold beauty before him; his suppressed passion was suffocating him. Against these assailants all his impetuosity could burst forth—he knew at least how to defy;—here was an enemy he could vanquish, or, at worst, a defeat he knew how to sustain. When therefore, several of his friends rushed breathless into the room to tell him that the great gates began to creak upon their hinges, and were likely to be beaten in, he almost welcomed this new species of contest. Conducting Constantia into a side room, where she would be out of reach of the ensuing tumult and disorder, and where an aged matron waited to attend upon her, he went with his friends to meet the rest of his companions in arms, who were anxious to consult him on the next measures which in their present emergency should be taken.

The house, or palazzo, was built on a plan very customary in such structures. In the centre were the tall gates, now undergoing the battery of the citizens, which opened upon a square lofty, paved court or hall, supported by columns, and forming a carriage way up to the foot of the staircase. Originally you passed through the hall into a garden beyond, but when the building had been converted into a residence for students, and made a part, in fact, of the university, a wall had been erected, separating the garden from the house. This wall though lofty, did not however rise to the level of the roof of the hall; both light and air were admitted from above it, and you still saw the topmost branches of the orange-trees and the summits of the fountains that were playing in the garden beyond. From either side of this hall rose the broad and marble staircase which led into the interior of the house.

Upon both branches of this noble staircase, whose steps faced the entrance, Giacomo stationed his gallant band, armed each of them at least with his rapier. He then commissioned one of his companions to proclaim to the besiegers from a window above, that if they would cease their battering, retreat a few paces from the gates, they should be opened to them.

To this the crowd assented, presuming that it could imply nothing else than a surrender. The great doors were opened. They rushed forward; but the staircase they thought to ascend so readily was occupied every inch of it by a brave phalanx, which awaited them with glittering swords, held forward in spear fashion, tier above tier. The first rank of this disordered multitude had no desire whatever to be thrust forward by those in the rear on the points held forth by this determined phalanx. A great number of them passed harmless between the two staircases, but the wall we have described prevented any egress in that direction; and when the lower part

of the hall was quite full, the struggle commenced in earnest between those of the crowd who desired to retreat, and those who, knowing nothing of the peril of their companions, were still urging forward. The struggle rose to a combat. The students, who, at the express desire of Giacomo, stood steadily at their post, and preserved a dead silence were undisturbed spectators of the tumult, and saw their adversaries in desperate strife, the one against the other.

They seemed to be on the point of obtaining, in this singular manner, a bloodless victory, when Andrea, the uncle Constantia, together with the Podesta, made their appearance, with such military force as could be assembled at the moment. This had immediately one good effect; the crowd without, by making way for the Podesta, released their companions within, still struggling for escape. The military force of the Podesta soon stood comforted with the little band of students. Yet these were so well placed, had so decidedly the advantage of position, and their leader was so well known for his prowess and indomitable courage, that there was a great unwillingness to commence the attack, and very loud calls were made upon to surrender to the majesty of the law.

For Giacomo, the combat was what his blood boiled for. Would that he could have fought single-handed—he alone—and perilled, and have lost his life! But when he saw the respected form of the uncle of Constantia—when he reflected that the experiment he had so long desired, HAD BEEN MADE AND FAILED—that the cold virgin whom he had left up stairs was still invincible, who ever else he might conquer or resist, and that he should be exposing the lives of his companions in a combat where to him there was now no victory—he lowered his sword, and made treaty of peace with the Podesta. On consideration that none other but himself should suffer any species of penalty for that day's transaction, he offered to resign Constantia to her uncle, and himself to the pleasure of the Podesta. These terms were very readily accepted; his companions alone seemed reluctant to acquiesce in them.—[Conclusion next week.]

ADVENTURES OF A GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY.

The town of Newfane in this County, was many years since the birth-place of an infant, who was christened Paul Holland K—. As he grew up to manhood, the Yankee spirit of enterprise carried him to Canada, and in the interior of the country he commenced the practice of law. His industry and perseverance were rewarded with success, and after a time he removed for more lucrative practice, to the city of Montreal. Prosperity and good fortune still attended him, and he soon became a candidate, and was elected to the Canadian Parliament, where his ability and good judgment secured to him a respectable position and influence. While a member of the Parliament, he received a letter purporting to be written by an old lady in England, also of the same name of K., stating in substance, that she had no relative, and was alone in the world, that seeing his name in the papers, as a member of the Canadian Parliament, and it being the same as hers, she thought perhaps he might be of the same family. She further stated, that she was possessed of considerable property, and knew of no kindred to whom to leave it, and that if he would come to see her, she would pay his expenses and make him heir to her property. Mr. K., supposing this to be a hoax, made no answer, and paid no attention to it. Two or three months afterward, he received another letter, from the same person, urging in still stronger terms his visit to her, and with so much apparent sincerity and earnestness, that he resolved to go to England and see what truth there was in it. He did go, and found his correspondent as she had described herself. She was living at an elegant mansion, in the country, and in handsome style. She was delighted with the visit of Mr. K., and spared no pains to make it agreeable to him. After spending some time there he prepared to return home. The old lady defrayed all his expenses and made him many presents. Before his departure, she renewed to him her promise to leave to him all her property, and related to him the incident which led to the correspondence. She informed him that in early life she was the betrothed of a young man of the name of Paul Holland, who was an officer in the British army. That he had fallen in battle, before the consummation of their nuptials, and she had since remained unmarried and true to his memory. That seeing his name, uniting the name of her lover and her own, she was struck with the singular coincidence, and thought she could not better show her devotion to the memory of her betrothed, than to bestow her property upon him who seemed by his name to be the representative of both.

He left her and returned to Montreal, and within a year afterwards received intelligence of her death, and that by her will he was made sole heir to her estate. He set out immediately for England, and found, on his arrival, every thing prepared for him. His claim was recognized, and he entered at once into the possession of a large fortune. He is now living in the enjoyment of his good fortune at Montreal, and is now or recently has been a member of the Canadian Parliament.

This is a true sketch of the history of one Vermont boy, and there are doubtless many such. The regions of fiction, and the highest flights of the imagination, do not furnish a more romantic adventure.

Vermont Phoenix.

LOLA MONTES AGAIN.

The 'Gazette des Tribunaux' publishes the following letter, dated the 12th inst., from Wurzburg, in Bavaria:

"The bull-dog of Mdlle Lola Montes, which, as will be remembered, was the cause of a great tumult at Munich in February last, has just put the town of Wurzburg in commotion. The day before yesterday (Sunday), at about eleven o'clock in the evening, Mdlle Lola Montes entered the King's garden, the public promenade, followed by this animal, which, it appears, accompanies her whenever she goes out on foot. The sentinel placed at the gate of the garden told her that dogs were not admitted, and he stopped the passage with his bayonet. The impetuous Spaniard became irritated, and struck the soldier such a violent blow on the head with her parasol that his chako was knocked off. A crowd of persons assembled, and shortly after the commandant of a battalion, chief of the post of the garden, presented himself to Mdlle Lola Montes, with whom he was acquainted, and politely invited her to withdraw in order not to cause a disturbance. Mdlle Montes replied that before speaking to a lady of her rank he ought to take off his hat, and which she requested him to do. The officer declared to her, being in the discharge of his duties, he would not and ought not to uncover himself before any body, and that he would cause her to be arrested if she did not immediately go away. Mdlle Lola Montes complied with this order—she returned to her hotel, followed by a multitude of the lower classes, groaning at and hissing her without intermission. In the evening Mdlle Montes went to visit a councillor of state. During this time

crowds assembled before the house and smashed the windows with stones. When, at a later hour, Mdlle Montes returned in a carriage to her hotel, she was again insulted by the people, who stationed themselves in all the neighboring streets, and did not retire until after the military had been called out. The next day Mdlle Montes left Wurzburg to return to Munich."

The 'Brighton Gazette' has the following:

"The chronicles of scandal announce positively that the King of Bavaria has become wearied of the infamous Lola Montes and that he has already taken a Russian Countess into favour in her place. But the bold Lola swears she will not be turned off, and vows vengeance on the Majesty of Bavaria. The King, it is added, is so frightened, that he runs from place to place to avoid her."

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.

TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCH.

BALTIMORE, Thursday Evening, Sept. 30.

The Mobile Herald, of the 25th inst., announces the arrival at Pensacola, on the evening of the 21st, of the brig Osceola, after a passage of five days and a half from Vera Cruz.

PENSACOLA, Sept. 23, 1847.

The brig Osceola arrived at the Navy Yard last evening, after a passage of five and a half days from Vera Cruz.

She has brought late and unfavorable news from the army of General Scott.

It seems that hostilities were renewed on the 8th inst., Santa Anna and General Scott mutually charging each other with a violation of the armistice. According to the last accounts our troops had possession of two streets, and had driving the principal part of the Mexican force in or towards the Plaza. Our troops had suffered greatly from the fire of enemy, stationed in windows and on the roofs of houses, and General Worth was badly but not mortally wounded.

Our loss since leaving Puebla is estimated at 3000 men.

The proposition of Mr. Trist for the cession of a portion of California for a consideration of twenty millions of dollars had been agreed to by the Mexican commissioners, but another proposition, fixing the Rio Grande as the boundary on this side, was peremptorily refused.

It is said that Gen. Paredes is on the road between Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico with a large force of guerrillas.

The "Sun of Anahuac" of the 16th instant says, that troops have been arriving in great numbers from the Brazos for the previous five or six days, and it does not doubt but that in the next five or six days there will be from two to three thousand men ready to march into the interior.

These accounts are derived from the "Sun of Anahuac" of the 16th instant, and brought by the Osceola, and from verbal communications from Mr. Dimond to the Capt. of the O. at the moment of leaving. I have no doubt of their accuracy.

The news reached Vera Cruz by the Orizaba route.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 8 s 8½ per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1847.

The English Prime Minister of the present day has a very different and a much more difficult task on hand than his predecessor had in earlier times. It is more difficult now-a-days to decide the parties of individuals; it is no longer, as it was, impossible to act in public life without belonging to some recognized party or other. A man can really be an independent politician; he may decide to vote with a certain clique to-day, and against them to-morrow. To-day's vote may be of such a nature, that, according to former notions, he might be considered as an opposition member; to-morrow may be of so very different a tendency, that former notions might come to the conclusion that the honorable member had ratted, and had become one of the supporters of the ministry. Such is the state of things, that majorities are uncertain beforehand, except the matter propounded be self-evidently good; and consistency is, from this period, to mean the sticking to that which is good in the mind of the thinker upon mature deliberation. It is no longer the merely adhering to certain dogmata, because in youth or in ignorance they were professed. Wisdom consists no longer in a set of words, but of things; and men who decide, and upon whose opinion and mode of action must depend on those who examine and weigh well the consequences before they decide.

We do not think that there will ever be a large majority at all, merely as matter of party, and that the corn question, which certainly did put out the minister, did as certainly deliver public men's action from the thralldom of "following the leader." The member of Parliament is, and will be, a better man, a more free and independent man, a more examining man, and consequently a wiser man than heretofore; and in this one point the people's house will have a debt of gratitude to pay to Sir Robert Peel, which they never can fully discharge.

In the House of Lords the members are there about the top of their tree. They act independently of the people, and their votes and actions may well be virtuous, patriotic, and pure. But they are men; they would direct; they are apt to hang together, they are aristocratical in their notions, and they rather hang to the dignity of their order, in which are included the wealth, power, honors, and distinction of all who are most closely connected with themselves, than to the public weal. This is not surprising, nor is it to be wondered at that it is difficult in this house to carry a question which is essentially of a popular character, particularly if its first effects apply directly to them as landlords and patrons, and show anything like a tendency to affect either their influence or their income, even though ultimately it may be serviceable to both. They have their tender and their nervous affections, and they, like mankind in general, think more of the present than of the ultimate.

But not so the House of Commons. Except the richly endowed and wealthy commoner, who is, in fact, a lord in his private feelings, all here are rather the artificers of future greatness, than the possessors; and they know generally, that being sent to the house, they may be kept out when once sent to their constituents. They have, therefore, an additional stimulus, to do public duty amply and carefully; and the more that our people are educated, the more onerous becomes the duty of the representative, because the more clearly do the people know right from wrong, and the more ardently do they require the former and condemn the latter.

We are aware that there are in the world persons ready to deny all this, to say that our language is revolutionary, and that our language will be more likely to suit an unsettled people than it will fall in with the notions of the world at large. But it is the language of every heart, to itself, to eschew evils and to adopt good whenever it is attainable. It is this consideration which urges us to the belief that there will be no more mere party large majorities, and that man, the noblest creature of God himself, is awaking to the consciousness of his own dignity.

Every idea is the darling of the man who first entertains it and gives it publicity. He is right in giving it to the world, for that, in effect, is giving it its trial, and by general verdict it must stand or fall. But woe to the man of worldly interest who would try to push it down the general throat, and because it is the offspring of one commonly called a consistent man, would establish it, even were it at the expense of the real consistency of the general mind.

The general election has sent to the imperial parliament a greater number than before of the Repeal party. That question is far from dead, it seems, but it has assumed a different form, and we believe if the question were now asked of repealers, *why they desire it*, they could not tell. It is fostered by them like a dream, because of a by-gone object, and it is so hallowed at present, that they wish for it as for the attainment of an object of which they have but a vague but once-loved notion. The question will be well raised in the forthcoming session, and many will expect to make political capital by following the steps of O'Connell, but who are not able to travel by the same road, and who are very unable to understand his policy and objects in the cherished scheme. We perceive that the subscription is on the rise, and that the sum now is about £100 per week. The business now will be to raise up another object of attraction to the Irish breast, instead of this which has been so long cherished. Ireland is still the question of "difficulty" to the prime minister, and we wish him well through it.

We perceive that Bogle's Hyperion has become a great favorite among the ladies for the hair. We hear much of it, and rejoice thereat.

Fine Arts.

A very fine full length portrait of the new Pope, Pius IX, is now on exhibition in this city, and is worthy the attention of every lover of the fine arts, and of every admirer of public virtue. The consciousness that so very unlikely a personage as the Pope of Rome should be taking every possible step in the cause of liberal measures and action, and that so very powerful a monarchy as that of Austria should both menace and harass him, makes this exhibition doubly valuable; and the execution of the painting is a fine specimen of the Italian school of art. We remember when some years ago a painting was here, by Dubufe, representing a scene in Byron's "Don Juan," the painter got a cognomen. He was called the *upholsterer* of art, from his fine understanding of the contrasts and the harmonies of colour: the painter of this portrait of Pope Pius IX, however, does, we think, more justly deserve such a cognomen; for he has managed all the varieties of red, and of material, to make both a charming and a skilful picture, and of that which otherwise would have been comparatively meagre. The red of the curtains, that of his drapery which is almost rose-colour, then of the crimson velvet of the chair and of the foot cushion, and that of his slippers, are so placed and arranged that the combination both assists the picture, and very much adds to the effect. The same kind of remark may be made of the whites, which are very different, according to the way they fall, and the material of which they are supposed to be made. The figure represents a mild, yet apparently fine elderly man, with grisly locks and a faint tinge on the cheek. He is sitting in a splendid chair, and little of the apartment is seen, an obelisk is in the back ground, and a few figures near it.

The exhibition is well worthy of a visit were it only to see the performance of a good painter, Pietro Gagliardi, but the respect to the Pontiff may draw there many.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

CONCERT OF MESSRS. H. HERZ AND SIVORI.—The first joint Concert of these two great artists had drawn an immense crowd at the Tabernacle on Tuesday last. Although the bill of performances was already very rich, M. Dubreuil, the barytone, appeared in the evening, Madame Fleury Jolly was expected, Sigr. Rapetti's orchestra and the two celebrated virtuoses. Such a concert deserves patronage, and we can affirm, without any exaggeration, that even in the largest cities of Europe musical treats of that order are not often to be enjoyed. We must say, however, that the orchestra, though well conducted by the able Sigr. Rapetti, did not accompany Sivori's concerto in a satisfactory manner, and spoiled the beautiful overture to "Zampa." The clarinet began his solo half a bar too soon, and two of the brass instrument

players made also several blunders. There was besides a want of confidence and *ensemble*, which shows that there were many new members in the orchestra unknown to each other, and were still unacquainted with their leader. The overture to "La Sirene" was better performed than the other one, but we don't like much this symphony, which is a mere waltz, for a full orchestra.

Mme. Fleury Jolly was announced in two pieces; she did not sing, probably because M. Dubreuil, whose name was not on the programme, sung twice in her place. We had heard a great deal about Mme. Fleury Jolly, and we must confess we were a little disappointed with her. There is no sympathetic quality in her voice; although a *soprano sfogata*, she gives C with difficulty, and her upper notes are weak and without charm. Her Italian pronunciation is miserable. In spite of these faults, she has been loudly applauded and encored after the cavatina in *Betty*, which she has given instead of *Una voce poco fa*. M. Dubreuil, besides an Italian cavatina, sang in a most impressive style a beautiful French romance, which was very well received. These two singers were accompanied by our old favorite Timm.

Mr. Henri Herz was in good spirits and played on Tuesday better than he ever did before. To speak justice, we must add that the public seemed not to be aware of it, and showed an extreme slowness in the delivering of applause. For instance, the tema of "I Puritani" passed unnoticed, and so did the two variations, although well performed and quite difficult in some parts. Mr. Herz then, after a beautiful *cadenza* similar to the one of "Lucia," began an extemporisation, in which he introduced "Home, sweet home," and the waltz of "La Sirene." The pianist knew quite well what he was doing, and was not mistaken in his calculations, for he was very warmly applauded at the end of his fantasia. His splendid piece on the "Pré aux clercs" was most admirably performed, and was creditable to the artist.

Sivori executed his concerto in A, and the Prayer of Moses. After this last piece he was enthusiastically encored, and gave then his *Nel cor*, a piece of a tremendous difficulty, but which we do not like much. Sivori was, what he always is, an astonishing performer, full of animation and fire, a real wonder for those who can appreciate the difficulties with which he plays. But why does he terminate each phrase of his concerto exactly in the same way? This is a fault quite surprising in so superior an artist.

The Concert ended with the favorite duett on "William Tell," by Osborne and De Beriot, which was not listened to with a sufficient attention, on account of a bad custom, against which we have already protested several times. It is too bad in audiences pretending to musical taste.

Messrs. Herz and Sivori are now in Philadelphia, and will give their second concert here either on Wednesday or Thursday next—according to all probabilities.

Mrs. BISHOP'S EVENING CONCERT.—If we may judge of her success by the manner in which she was applauded throughout, this was indeed successful, and, for our own part, we think her the best singer that ever was upon these shores, the remembrance of Malibran notwithstanding. She is different from most others, inasmuch as her compass is high in the scale, and her voice apparently thin. But it is not thin, for accurately can be perceived the distance she takes and the truth of her notes; she has sufficient volume, for where sat the person in the Tabernacle, on Thursday evening, large as it is, and numerous as were the audience, that did not fully hear all she sang. But, as we heard a critical person in our neighborhood say, "she has no voice, she cannot produce any effect save by the mode in which she is taught: everything done by her is *nehandel* (that is the very word), and her singing is *all* head voice." Now we continue to assert, that *all* her notes, remarkable as they are, are chest notes, and that the extent of her compass is surprising. The Donizetti music was low enough, and high enough, in the scale, but she sung that as no one else in this country could sing it. She was encored in the "Banks of Guadalupe" and in the last song of "la Bayadere," both of which she complied with; and also in the Irish song called "The Boys of Kilkenny," or "The last rose of summer," in which she had the bad taste, which we believe had its origin in this city of changing it for another; and she sung instead "Molly Asthure," or "The harp that once in Taroll's hall," badly as compared with what it is capable of. In short, modern musical artistes know little of the genius of Scotch and of Irish music. Mrs. Bishop covered the close of her last mentioned with too much wasted lust, but the hearers had an additional penniworth. A few only heard the French song, for the custom of cloaking and going away prevented the general effect, which was good.

Bochsa is a good accompanist, and he is the very best professor of the harp in the world. Every touch of the latter is by the hand of a master, and his performances were a high treat. He was encored at the close of the Mosaics, but he declined to play it again. There could not be less than \$1600 paid into the house, but it is for the credit of the performers and the effect of music, but unfortunately there is not much choice in this rich and populous city. *Tout pis pour elle.*

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—The new play by Mrs. Mowatt is much better than we had anticipated, and will continue its full share in public estimation; but it wants pathos, moving incident, and is, on the whole, rather a drowsy one. The language is good, and the sentiment expressed by the hero Armand (Davenport) is ad captandam vulgus. We doubt also whether it is genuine, as coming from a female pen, and from one who we suspect rather cherishes aristocracy. It is said by some to have violated history, and an answer to that is given that

Richelieu had a hidden daughter. Now this Richelieu is the *Duc*,—not the *Cardinal*, and whether he had her hidden or not is of no public consequence: neither does the fable violate history. That violation, if anywhere, is in the denouement, which makes Louis XV. finish by an act of generosity of which he was incapable; it was foreign altogether to his selfish, despotic nature; and this we really thought at the time we witnessed it was really a violation, and more particularly as it was of a monarch who reigned, as it were, the other day, and whose history and disposition is well known.

The parts of Blanche and of Armand were respectively well played by Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Davenport; though the former was occasionally too much declamatory in her style; the latter is an excellent actor and deserves high praise. The play was well cast, and the characters were well dressed. Mrs. Vernon's Babetta was overplayed, is almost useless in the piece, and that of the page contains too much use and mistake of the *we* which belongs to King's expressions. The play, on the whole, deserves a larger nightly audience than is its fortune to receive. The two principals are always called out, after the play.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—This very elegant house was opened on Monday evening for public amusements, and the chosen pieces were Sheridan's comedy of "The School for Scandal," and the farce of "Used Up," which two enables the establishment to exhibit all, or the greatest portion of its strength. Now, if we are rightly informed that the plan proposes for this house is to have a good stock company and no stars, the strength is admirable; for here is decidedly an excellent stock company, yet nothing was very great in particular. It was well to open in this comedy, which requires a good cast throughout, and the play is well done. The dresses, which are of the time of the early George III., are good, also, but it answers no purpose except that of novelty to dress them so, for the characters, like those of Shakespeare, answer to all eyes of civilized society. H. Wallack was a good but not a great Sir Peter Teazle, he made a few clever points, but we see he has some of his old faults about him, his letter-study was not always correct. Mr. Barrett as Charles Surface was gentlemanly and perfect, we much admired him, but Mr. Lynes as Joseph Surface was too hard in manner. We are always glad to see Vache, who is decidedly a very useful actor in any part assumed by him, and his Sir Oliver was rich. The personators of Crabtree and of Sir Ben. Backbite reminded us too much of the tongue of Buckstone, and Mr. A. Hunt's singing as Careless was literally execrable. Miss Telbin was really an excellent Lady Teazle, (one of the most difficult of female characters,) and we look for some good acting from her; and the remainder of the ladies were sufficiently good. We were glad to hear the text, which of late has been much pared down and cut up, was to act against time. The house continues to fill well, is very light, has a cheerful appearance, and is really well off both for stage room and scenery. If the establishment can go on as it has begun, it will deserve largely the entire encouragement and patronage. Here is a very good dancer, a Mdle. Celeste, a good orchestra, and we believe the strength of the house will gradually become well developed.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—One of the pieces of tact which the manager enforces here he deserves much credit for. He gets early notice of the light pieces which tell well abroad, and whilst others are considering whether they shall impart them or not, he has them in rehearsal, and gets them on the stage under his management on discipline; and this so largely takes the wind out of the sails of others, that he really gains in the contest which he told the public he anticipated that he is not only formidable, but likewise bids fair to be a winner. His house is filled every night to suffocation, and he must be making money faster than ever.

BOWERY THEATRE.—This house is giving "the amusing incidents by field and flood," and exhibits General Taylor and Monterey to the delight of the visitors, and the benefit (real) of the Treasury.

Literary Notices.

"Pictorial History of England:" New York, Harpers.—We have so frequently referred to the distinguishing merit of this able work as embodying the best and indeed the only thorough history of Great Britain and her people: that we need only now announce the appearance of the 30th number, which is profusely embellished. The whole will be completed in about 40 numbers.

"Mackenzie's Miscellaneous Works:" New York.—Harper & Brothers.—These publishers have just issued part 1 of a new and elegant edition of the beautiful fictions of this classic writer, containing the "Man of Feeling" and a memoir of the author by Scott.

"Norman's Bridge:" By Mrs. Marsh, New York, Harpers.—This is the title of a new production by Mrs. Marsh, the admired authoress of "Emilia Wyndham," "The Two Old Men's Tales," &c. The plot is intended to exhibit a good moral—the baneful effects and the folly of indulging a love of money—a vice too rife in our time.

"An American Dictionary of the English Language," exhibiting the origin, pronunciation and definitions, of words. By Noah Webster, L.L.D. Revised and enlarged by Chauncey A. Goodrich, Professor in Yale College. Harper & Bro.

Several critics in Europe, as well as in this country, have united in regarding the labors of Webster in the department of Lexicography as more important than those of any other writer of his times. Although he lived long enough to complete his great American Dictionary, he had not, at the time of his death, put it into so perfect and condensed a form as to render it universally accessible to the great body of the American people. This labor was accordingly undertaken by others, and has now, after three years

care and diligence, been completed. The present large, clearly printed and elegant octavo volume contains a dictionary of the English language better fitted in all respects for popular use, than has ever before been published on either side of the Atlantic. Its orthography, though the extreme innovations originally made by Dr. Webster, have been omitted, embodies all the proves that has been made in the usage of the best writers:—its *definitions* are full, clear and exact to a degree equalled in no similar work: a copious vocabulary of *synonymes* has been incorporated into the body of the book;—Walker's key to the pronunciation of Greek and Latin proper names is given:—a full table for pronouncing modern geographical names is added:—and the utmost pains have been taken, in every respect, to render it the most perfect and satisfactory dictionary of the English language ever offered to the public.

This volume will, doubtless, be universally adopted as the standard English dictionary, and will find its way, not only into the library of every school in the country, but to the desk of every student and literary man. It is published in an admirably convenient form, and sold at a price which places it within the reach of all.

"The Poetical Lacon," by B. Casseday: New York, Appleton & Co.—Here is not only a pretty little book, fit for a lady's work table or among those thrown on a drawing-room table, but also a very clever and well arranged set of extracts, suitable to the following subjects, viz., Love, Friendship, Beauty, Woman, and there are several which are moral, monitory, comic, and miscellaneous. The compiler has consulted authorities very largely, and this work is truly admirable.

"The Union Magazine," for October, for 1847.—This work, which is edited by Mrs. Clavers, (Mrs. Kirkland in fact,) has a whole host of excellent contributors, and it deserves to be well spoken of. Here are very elegant engravings, also, and a piece of music.

"Littell's Living Age."—This is a good work, and is the weekly successor of the late monthly "Littell's Museum," and no diminution of either quality or quantity on the whole.

"Appleton's Railroad and Steamboat Companion:" By W. Williams: New York: Appleton & Co.—A very useful guide and assistant to the traveller in the Eastern and Middle States of the Union, being a description of the best roads of the places, the scenery, an account of the chief places come to, prices, etc., and in this busy world will be found of the greatest value. It has numerous plans and views very well done.

"Poems:" By Henry Howard Browell: New York: Appleton & Co.—We have here a small collection of poems written by one who evidently had a good academical education, and who as evidently possessed good taste, fine feeling, has seen much of the world in many of its phases, and who has not looked on without "marking, and inwardly reflecting." This is a very clever and attractive volume.

"The Architect," No. 10: By W. H. Ranlett: New York: W. Graham.—This continuation of a very useful and clever book contains *French Architecture*, and is well illustrated. It is a spirited continuation of a good design.

Cricketers' Chronicle.

RETURN MATCH OF THE ST. GEORGE'S CRICKET CLUB vs. THE NEW YORK DO.

Played on the ground of the latter at Hoboken.

This return match was begun on Monday, the 27th inst. The time mentioned and understood previously by the parties was 10 A. M. But at half past 11 the players were not all there, neither were the wickets pitched. About the latter time, however, Sams came on the ground, and most curiously the wickets were placed. The play was begun at 11 3-4 A. M., and the first innings of the St. George's party (who had won the toss and first went in) was played in about two hours. Roberts and Ticknor began, against the bowling of Sams and Cuppage. The first batter soon fell, 1 wicket, 1 run; and Wheatcroft took his place; Ticknor was not long in following his first partner, for he was despatched by Sams, 2 wickets, 4 runs; Bage took his place; Wright ran himself out most foolishly and blindly, and the people were astonished at his putting himself "hors de combat" in the manner he did, 3 wickets, 8 runs; Syme now came to the bat; Bage was run out by being over his crease before the ball was bowled by Sams, who took his wicket, 4 wickets, 8 runs; Wheatcroft made 2 very good twos in his innings, but was finally caught by Sams, 5 wickets, 9 runs; Green then took the bat, and protected his wicket well, until Sams found his way to it, 6 wickets, 20 runs; he was succeeded by Bailey, who was caught out, as he was expected to be, 7 wickets, 21 runs; Rouse succeeded him, and was sent to the right about by Sams, 8 wickets, 22 runs; next came Wild, who made two slashing twos in his play, but was finally caught by Elliot, 9 wickets, 28 runs; and finally came Groom, and he made in his play a very good two, but Cuppage gave him his quietus, 10 wickets, 46 runs. Syme played well, he made in all 18, of which four of his hits were twos, and he brought out his bat. The innings in all were 46, the balls bowled were 221 in number.

At the conclusion of this innings the whole party left the ground, to partake of a good substantial dinner at Ireland's, in the village of Hoboken, and a quarter past 3 P. M. the New Yorkers took the bat, Bennett and Sutton first beginning against the bowling of Groom and Wright, and it is very remarkable of the two parties, that the fate of each during the first 6 wickets down on each side was so much alike, the St. George's were 6 wickets, 20 runs, the New Yorkers were 6 wickets down, 17 runs. Bennett was the first put out, by

Groom, 1 wicket, 1 run: Elliot then came to the bat; then Sutton was caught by Bage in very fine style at long slip, 2 wickets, 5 runs; Sams took his place; Elliot was run out, and Emmett took his place, 3 wickets, 6 runs; and Emmett was caught out in remarkably fine style by Syme at mid wicket, 4 wickets, 10 runs; Melville took his place, he made an excellent 3, but was stumped out, 5 wickets, 16 runs; Cuppaige next succeeded, but was caught out by Ticknor, 6 wickets, 17 runs; now came Rannie, a desperate player and hitter, and he and Sams both made up the score of that party, for Rannie in his inning made a glorious 3 and five 2's, but at length his house was knocked down by Wright, 7 Wickets down, 65 runs; his place was taken by the fine player, East, who made a fine 3, but was caught by Bailey. Sams, who had hard work up to the end of his time, had made two splendid fives, both of which were "leg" hits, and two twos, was caught by Roberts, 8 wickets, 65 runs; and when East was caught, he made 9 wickets, 66 runs; James succeeded Sams, and Greatorex was the successor of East. Greatorex was bowled out by Wright, which finished the inning, for James got 3 ones and brought his bat out, the whole being 73; the balls bowled amounted to about 171, and it was played in about 2 hours. It was then agreed to play the remaining two innings on Tuesday. It was then about 20 minutes past five.

On Tuesday, at 12:45, precisely, the St. George's party took the lead in their second innings, and a disastrous beginning they had, so much so, that it was almost doubtful whether the party would bring up the number of 27 before more could be added to the score of the game. Bage and Green first took the bat, and Green was soon put out by a ball from Cuppaige, 1 wicket, 2 runs; Ticknor then took the bat, and was caught out at the first ball, Greatorex taking him at the short slip; Syme now comes into play, and Bage was run out soon after, 3 wickets, 6 runs; Rouse now came to the bat, and Syme was, by half past one, caught by Elliot at the long slip, 4 wickets, 10 runs. This was looking very ill for the batting party; but Wright now came into play, and he and Rouse brought up the score a good deal, when about 2 o'clock Rouse was struck by a ball from Sams, which struck him where he was already hurt, and he was obliged to return from play for the present; Wheatcroft took his stand; during the play of the latter, he made, among other hits, a good two and a splendid three, but Sams at length found his wicket, 5 wickets, 48 runs. The St. George's side had now added 21 to their general score, and they were evidently more in heart. Rouse now recommenced his play, and after making his entire score of 9, two of which were good twos, his bails were taken by Sams, 6 wickets, 51 runs; Roberts now took the bat, and he and Wright were making good play, when Wright was run out, having made some pretty hits, including three twos and a very fine three, 7 wickets, 54 runs; next came Groom, who received a good many balls, but only made four singles, when he was put out by a bowl from James, 8 wickets, 70 runs; Wild then succeeded, but Greatorex soon caught him; and the last batsman of the party (Bailey) now came into play. The latter made 1, and brought his bat out, for Roberts, who had made the good innings of 12, in which were three twos, was put out by a bowl from Cuppaige, 10 wickets, 74 runs. This innings was played in 3 hours, and there were not less than 300 balls delivered. The St. George's party were now 47 ahead, and the New Yorkers, of course, had to get 48 to win.

At about 4, the New Yorkers assumed the bat for their second innings, Sams and East beginning, and East was run out, 1 wicket, 17 runs. This looked dangerous to the St. George's men, for Sams was playing a slashing game. Elliot took East's place, and Sams was the next to fall, having in his batting by this time made a four, two threes, and three twos, he was bowled out by Wright, 2 wickets, 28 runs; Melville now came, and he was caught out by Rouse at the first ball; he was succeeded by Bennett, who was caught out by Ticknor after the batsman had made his score of three, one of which was a two, 4 wickets, 36 runs; now came Rannie, who was soon bowled out by Groom, 5 wickets, 38 runs; and James took his bat, but was caught by Rouse at the long slip at the first ball; Cuppaige now came, and was caught by Ticknor at the short slip; and Emmett took the turn of Rannie, Greatorex of Cuppaige. The last mentioned was bowled and caught by Wright; and Sutton finally succeeded, who quickly brought his bat out, Emmett being bowled out by Groom, after he had made a score of 3, one hit of which was a two, 10 wickets, 41 runs. This innings was about 1 1/2 hours, and the balls delivered were about 111 in number. The St. George's party were therefore the winners by 6 runs.

The following is the score, but we are afraid we have not detailed correctly the succession of the last 3 or 4, they fell so fast, but the scorings are warranted:

ST. GEORGE'S.			
FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Roberts, b. Sams	0	b. Cuppaige	12
Ticknor, b. do.	1	c. Greatorex, b. Cuppaige	0
Wheatcroft, c. do., b. Cuppaige ..	5	b. Sams	9
Wright, run out	0	0 run out	15
Bage, do. do.	0	do do.	1
Syme, not out	18	c. Elliott, b. Cuppaige	4
Green, b. Sams	3	b. Cuppaige	2
Bailey, c. do., b. Cuppaige	0	not out	1
Rouse, b. do.	0	b. Sams	0
Wild, c. Elliott, b. Sams	4	c. Greatorex, b. Sams	0
Groom, b. Cuppaige	5	b. Sams	4
Byes	3	Byes	4
Wides (Cuppaige 2, Sams 5) ..	7	Wides (Sams 6, Cuppaige 4) ..	10
Total	46	No balls (Cupp. 2, Sams 1). ..	3
		Total	74

NEW YORK.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Bennett, b. Wright	0	c. Ticknor, b. Groom	3
Sutton, c. Bage, b. Groom	0	not out	0
Elliot, run out	4	b. Wright	7
Sams, c. Waller, b. Groom	24	b. do.	17
Emerson, c. Syme, b. Wright	0	b. Groom	3
Melville, st Waller, b. do.	3	c. Rouse, b. Wright	0
Cuppaige, c. Ticknor, b. do.	0	c. Ticknor, b. do.	0
Ranney, b. Wright	21	b. Groom	0
East, c. Baily, b. Groom	3	run out	5
James, not out	3	c. Rouse, b. Groom	0
Greatorex, b. Wright	0	c. Wright, b. Wright	0
Byes	9	Byes	3
Wides (Groom 3, Rouse 2, Wright 1)	6	Wides (Wright 2, Groom 1). ..	3
Total	73	Total	41

We have learned that Comery of the St. George's Club was "barred" by the New Yorkers, and that the "barring" was agreed to.

The Return Match at Cricket between the Toronto and Darlington Clubs, came off on the ground of the latter, at Bowmanville, on Tuesday, 21st ult., the Darlington Club winning by 30 runs, as follows:—

DARLINGTON.		TORONTO.	
First Innings	58	First Innings	24
Second Innings	34	Second Innings	38
Total	92	Total	62

In consequence of the score having inadvertently not been copied (says the Toronto Herald) before the Toronto players left Darlington, we are unable to give particulars until our next.

MARYLEBONE CLUB AND GROUND AGAINST THE TOWN AND COUNTY CLUB OF CAMBRIDGE.

This return match was commenced on Monday last, on Parker's Piece, Cambridge, but, from the unfavorable state of the weather the play was delayed till past three o'clock. The ground was very heavy and wet, it having been well watered on Saturday, the weather having been dry for some time previous; but the heavy rain on Monday morning made it very bad for the bowling. Hayward and Ringwood, on the part of Cambridge, first appeared at the wickets, Hillyer and Dean being the bowlers. Hayward commenced with a two the first over; and Ringwood began with a one, and soon followed it for three, when play went on steadily for some time, and Clarke took up the bowling at Hillyer's end. Hayward having made his score to 23, was caught at cover point from Dean by Mr. C. Hoare, his number including a four, four twos, and the rest singles; one wicket and 45 runs. Mr. King filled the vacancy, but was soon caught at the point by Dean from Clarke, which made way for Cornwell, who began with a two from the latter the first ball, the play going on rapidly for a long time, the bowling being changed several times, but to no purpose. Cornwell gave several chances, but at last was beautifully caught by Mr. Morse at the leg from Clarke, but not before he had marked 61, with a five, three fours, one three, seven twos, and singles; three wickets and 102 runs. Fenner joined Ringwood, and soon after the latter got his leg before his wicket from Dean, but his score was 49, with a four, three threes, seven twos, and singles. Mr. A. M. Hoare followed, and some steady play took place for some time, when time was called for the first day's play, four wickets being down, and 167 runs.

Tuesday.—Mr. Hoare and Fenner again took their stations at the wickets, Clarke and Dean being the bowlers. Clarke soon disposed of Mr. Hoare, which made way for Diver; and in the next over Dean sent Fenner to the right about, and Mr. Pell took his place. Diver commenced with a four to the leg from Clarke the first ball, then made three twos, and then gave a chance which was not taken. Mr. Pell began with a one, and soon followed it up with a three, when Diver was caught by Mr. Grimston at long leg, his score being 22, including three fours, three twos, and singles. Mr. Lee joined Mr. Pell, and made his score to 12, when he was caught by Mr. Kynaston, the long stop, his numbers being a three, three twos, and three singles. Arnold next came, but Hillyer settled his business without troubling the scorers, and Mr. Boning was the last, when Sewell caught Mr. Pell behind the wicket, after getting 13, with a four, a three, the rest singles, Mr. Boning having had no chance to score. The innings amounted to 222.

Marylebone sent in the Hon. F. Ponsonby and the Hon. R. Grimston, against the bowling of Diver and Arnold. Mr. Ponsonby commenced with a two, and soon followed it up for a three; Mr. Grimston began with two in the slip, but in the next over Diver got about Mr. Ponsonby's timbers; one wicket and 10 runs. Mr. C. Hoare filled the vacancy, and singles were the order for some time, when Mr. Hoare, having marked a two, was bowled by Diver. Clarke now joined Mr. Grimston, the latter gentleman playing very steadily, he marking seven singles following, and then made a beautiful hit for four, amidst loud cheers. Clarke commenced with a two, and Mr. Grimston followed suit; Clarke made another single, when Diver gave him notice to quit; three wickets and 36 runs. Sewell now appeared, and began with a single and then a two, Mr. Grimston marking seven more singles in succession, and then gave a chance to Arnold, which was fatal; his score being 28, with a four, three twos, and the rest singles; four wickets and 55 runs. Dean faced Sewell, and led off with a three, Sewell getting ones and twos, when the dinner bell rang. After the repast Sewell made his score to 18, when he was caught by Hayward, the wicket keeper; 5 wickets and 66 runs. Mr. Kynaston joined Dean, when the latter was soon after caught by Mr. King, who is certainly the best point of the day; six wickets and 72 runs, which the rest only increased to 81, leaving the Cambridge 141 ahead, and Marylebone the necessity of following their innings. Mr. Ponsonby and Mr. Morse took their stations at the wickets, against the same bowlers. Arnold soon disposed of Mr. Ponsonby for two singles, and Mr. Kynaston followed, and was served in the same way by Arnold, for four only; two wickets and 11 runs. Mr. C. Hoare filled the vacancy, when Diver settled Mr. Morse for two twos and a single; three wickets and the score not altered. Mr. Grimston came next, but Arnold caught Mr. Hoare from his own bowling; four wickets and still 11 runs. Sewell joined Mr. Grimston, and the latter began with two singles; Sewell commenced with a three, and Mr. Grimston followed suit, and they both then repeated it [cheers]. Soon after Sewell went off his ground, and was stumped by Hayward; five wickets and 20 runs. Dean

faced Mr. Grimston, and singles were the order for some time at both ends, Dean marking seven and a two, when he gave a chance to Mr. King, which was fatal; six wickets and 45 runs. Mr. Hammersley followed, but soon after Mr. Grimston ran out, and Hillyer was the next, when, after a few overs time was called, seven wickets being down for 52 runs.

Wednesday.—Mr. Hammersley and Hillyer took their stations against the same bowlers, when the latter made his score 9, and Clarke took his place. Mr. Hammersley played in a most splendid manner, scoring 31. Lillywhite was the last, and marked two, when Mr. King caught him at the point, Clarke bringing out his bat with 16 to his name, Cambridge thus winning in one innings by 34 runs. Score:—

CAMBRIDGE.

Hayward, c. C. Hoare, b. Diver	23
Ringwood, leg, b. w., b. Dean	49
R. King, Esq., c. Dean, b. Clarke	3
Cornwell, c. Morse, b. Clarke	61
Fenner, b. Dean	21
A. M. Hoare, Esq., b. Clarke	12
Diver, c. Grimston b. Dean	22
O. C. Pell, Esq., c. Sewell, b. Dean	13
Lee, Esq., c. Kynaston, b. Hillyer	12
Arnold, b. Hillyer	0
Boning, not out	0
Byes	5
Wide ball	1

Total 222

MARYLEBONE.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Hon. F. Ponsonby, b. Diver	5	b. Arnold	2
Hon. R. Grimston, c. Arnold, b. Diver	28	ran out	16
C. Hoare, Esq., b. Diver	5	c. and b. Arnold	0
Clarke, c. Diver	3	ran out	16
Sewell, c. Hayward, b. Arnold	18	st. Hayward, b. Diver	7
Dean, c. King, b. Diver	9	c. King, b. Arnold	9
R. Kynaston, Esq., c. Diver, b. Arnold	5	b. Arnold	4
Hammersley, Esq., not out	2	b. Arnold	31
C. Morse, Esq., c. Pell, b. Diver	3	b. Diver	5
Hillyer, b. Arnold	2	b. Diver	9
Lillywhite, b. Arnold	0	c. King, b. Arnold	2
Byes	0	Byes	5
Wide ball (Arnold)	1	Wide ball	1
Total	81	Total	107

THE GENTLEMEN OF THE PETWORTH CLUB (WITH MESSRS. MYNN, FELIX, AND WISDEN) vs. THE PLAYERS OF THE COUNTY.

This match was commenced at Petworth on Monday. The day was very unfavorable for cricket, a small rain falling nearly the whole of the morning, with the wind in the north, and blowing cold. The play did not begin till nearly one o'clock. The players winning the toss, put Sopp and Orsborn at the wickets. This was the first match that Sopp has played at Petworth this season, having been engaged at Birmingham. Mr. Mynn not being on the ground, W. Napper, Esq., bowled at one end, and Wisden at the other. Mr. E. Napper keeping wicket, and Mr. A. Smith acting as long stop. Sopp began the score by a single from Napper's fourth ball. At Wisden's second he gave a chance to the long slip, Mr. Humphrey, who, running in too fast, overshot his mark, and down dropped the ball. After scoring five singles, Sopp gave a boother, which Orsborn almost immediately followed, having previously scored three singles and two twos. Mr. Mynn took his place after the sixth over, but neither of the two great bowlers could move the men till they had run up a score of 49 runs, when Orsborn lost his wicket by a shooter from Wisden (the bowlers having previously changed ends), having scored 29 by a four, two threes, six twos, and the remainder in singles, without giving a chance. Not so his partner, who had tried Mr. Mynn, after scoring 18, but that gentleman also spared him. Hodson joined Sopp, but the latter scored only two singles, when he gave chance No. 3 to the wicket keeper, but fortune still favored him. It was, however, of short duration, for the next ball from Wisden sent him away from the wicket with a score of 22, obtained by one four, two twos, and singles; two wickets for 62 runs. Box now became the companion of his townsman, and some very pretty play was displayed, both men batting well, and the bowling first rate. After adding eight to the score Hodson gave a "foreighter," for which five were run, amidst the applause of the spectators. Hodson, having scored 17 by a five, a three, two twos, and five singles, retired, from the destruction made by the "little-un" on his wicket, Box soon after doing the same thing, and from the same cause. His score amounted to 10, got by some very beautiful play; the last three were obtained by a splendid hit to the leg; three wickets for 78 runs, and four ditto for 95. Hammond, who had previously gone in to Box, now had Picknell for a partner, but before the latter had scored he lost his companion, who was also bowled by Wisden, after adding 13 to the score. The score now stood at 98. The betting, which had been rather in favor of the Gentlemen, was now in favor of the Players, as the remaining wickets all belonged to "good men and true." The new County player, Gausden, joined Picknell, but the rain coming on play was abandoned for half an hour.

Operations being again commenced as soon as the weather permitted, Gausden was caught by Mynn, with only a score of 2, Picknell having in the mean time made a three with a fine leg hit; six wickets and 106 runs. Challen came next, but did not stay long, Mynn putting in a teaser; seven wickets down and no addition to the score. Challen's cousin (Challen junior) took the vacant place, and some very beautiful play was now shown by these two young men, who are very clean, steady batters. The elder of the two scored two boothers in succession, and it was thought desirable to put Mr. W. Napper on at Wisden's end, his brother Edwin soon after taking that of Mynn; but both players continued scoring till Challen senior hit a ball rather loosely, and it dropped into Mr. Felix's hands. His score showed two fours, a three, a two, and eight singles; eight wickets for 144 runs. Evershed came next, and with his companion continued to add to the score. Evershed hit a ball to Mr. Felix, who played it two or three times, but found it too heavy, and down it dropped. Challen had scored 23, and Evershed 9, when time was called. These, with the former score,

and 7 wides and 11 byes, made a total of 168, with two wickets to go down. In fairness to the long stop (Mr. Smith) we should say that only two of the byes passed him, the others being from the pad. The stop of this gentleman (as indeed it always is,) was first rate, and called forth the admiration of the bystanders. The wicket keeping of Mr. E. Napper was also most creditable—a great number of balls being taken by him in excellent style.

On Tuesday play was resumed at half-past eleven, Mr. Mynn and Wisden bowling. Challen obtained a single the first ball from the former, but was nearly caught in so doing. Evershed then hit the ball carelessly, but the man having just been removed four were obtained. At Wisden's second Evershed again had a narrow escape, the ball going between the point and slip, both men being afraid to run for the catch till too late. Challen scored two singles, and was followed by his companion ditto; Challen then hit the ball hard against the wicket: the balls shook but did not fall. He then scored a two, and followed it up by a boother; but in the next over from Wisden he answered to a call from his partner and ran out. His score showed a four, two threes, five twos, and the remainder of 34 in singles. The last man (Sopp, jun.) was put in just as the clock struck twelve, but he did not remain long, being finely caught by Mr. W. Napper (who was keeping wicket this morning,) off Wisden, Evershed carrying out his bat for 13 runs, the total of the innings being 191. In this innings 107 overs were bowled, of which W. Napper bowled 15 for 16 runs, Wisden 41 for 78 runs, Mynn 46 for 61 runs, and E. Napper 5 for 6 runs. W. Napper bowled 5 maiden overs, Wisden 13, Mynn 17, and E. Napper 1.

The Gentlemen began their innings by putting in Lord Winterton and Mr. Curteis, Hodson and Picknell bowling; Evershed long stop, and Challen, sen., at point. Lord Winterton took the first over, but retired at the first ball. Mr. E. Napper took his place, when Mr. Curteis made two singles, and then a fine hit to the leg, which was well fielded by Sopp, jun., and only one run obtained. He followed with a two, and then Mr. Napper scored two threes, both playing well for some time, until Picknell caught Mr. Curteis at short slip for nine runs. Mr. Napper was joined by Mr. Mynn, and at the second ball began his score with a three, which he followed up with a single, and then lost his companion for nine runs; three wickets for 24 runs. Mr. Felix now became the companion of Mr. Mynn, and all were now on the tiptoe of expectation, the two "lions" being in. Orsborn was put on at Hodson's end, and from the first ball Mr. Mynn scored a four by a fine forward hit. Mr. Felix began with a single, and then made a splendid leg hit, but a man being in the way, only one was scored; both were well in and playing steady, when Challen, jun., was put on at Picknell's end, and bowled his first a maiden one; in his next Mr. Mynn got another four by an off hit, for which he was cheered. Mr. Felix, in his next hit, gave a regular "skylark." Gausden ran for it, but being rather short (6ft. 5in.) could not reach it nicely, and it twisted from his hands, much we think to the satisfaction of a great majority of the spectators. Soon after this the dinner bell rang.

When operations again commenced in the field Gausden was put as second stop. Mr. Mynn began the score with a single, then a two, Mr. Felix following with two singles, when he played over a fair ball from Challen, and a rattle was heard behind; four wickets for 54 runs. Wisden took the bat, and in the second over obtained a two with a draw, and then a single to the slip; another ditto, and another, and then a boother, Mr. Mynn still scoring steadily, till one of Challen's balls found out his wicket—[bravo Challen]—five wickets for 71 runs. [Odds given for the Players.] Wisden was joined by Mr. W. Napper, who scored a one and three, Wisden two doubles and the same amount of singles, when Hodson again took his end, and in the first over Box stumped Wisden; six wickets for 82 runs. Mr. Humphrey next went in, and Mr. Napper scored two singles, Mr. Humphrey a two and a single, and then ran out. Mr. Napper started and then ran back to his own wicket, both being at one end, and before Mr. Humphrey could get back his stumps were lowered; seven wickets for 88 runs. Mr. Smith took the vacant place, and having scored a two, lost his partner by a catch by Hammond off Challen. Mr. Fredericks joined Mr. Smith, but was sent to the right about by Challen, making way for the last man, Mr. Barttelot, who, after scoring a three, lost his wicket to Hodson. The innings amounted to 93, thus leaving the Players 98 ahead. In this innings there were 71 overs bowled, Hodson 17 for 19 runs, Picknell 13 for 19 runs, Orsborn 19 for 34 runs, and Challen 22 for 23 runs. Hodson bowled 10 maiden overs, Picknell 3, Orsborn 7, and Challen 11.

The Players went in again at a quarter past five, Evershed and Sopp, jun., going to the wickets. The latter, after scoring a single, retired, one of Mr. Mynn's trimmers causing a rattle in the rear; one wicket down for 4 runs. Orsborn followed, but before any more were added to the score Wisden found out Evershed's wicket. Box came in, and after scoring one, hit a ball very sharp to Mr. Felix, who caught it twice, but could not hold it; he scored another single, and then Box received a ripper, sending his balls flying; three wickets for 8 runs. Challen, sen., joined Orsborn and scored two singles; Orsborn a two and then a fine hit for five, for which he was loudly cheered, but got bowled by Wisden in the next over; four wickets for 17 runs. Hodson came next and obtained a single the first ball, and having scored another, was caught by Lord Winterton; five wickets for 19 runs. Picknell was next in succession, and Challen marked a six by knocking the ball out of the ground, and then a three; Picknell followed suit, but was soon after caught by Mr. Mynn off his own ball; six wickets for 35 runs. Sopp, sen., joined Challen, who had been playing very beautifully, and scored a three, the last by an overthrow; he then made an excellent leg hit, for which he scored four; this he followed with a single and a two, Challen two singles, and Sopp one ditto, when Mr. W. Napper took the ball at Wisden's end, but Sopp scored one the first ball. Mr. Mynn, however, bowled him for 13; seven wickets for 54 runs. The wickets were now drawn, the Players being 152 ahead.

Wednesday.—Play was resumed this morning at twenty minutes to twelve, Challen, jun., joining his cousin, Mr. Mynn and Wisden bowling. In the fourth over Challen, sen., was caught by Mr. W. Napper off Wisden without any addition to the last night's score. Hammond next brought in his bat, but no runs could be obtained for some time, the bowling being first rate. Challen began the score with a three off Mynn, and Hammond the next ball marked two. Wisden had bowled five maiden overs, the first on off his bowling being got in his sixth one by Challen with a draw. Hammond followed suit, and then drew a ball from Mr. Mynn, for which he ran one and then another for an overthrow, which proved an unfortunate circumstance for him, as in the next ball he was splendidly caught by Wisden, who was only just able to reach it with his left hand; nine wickets for 65 runs. The last man, Gausden, now came in and scored a single from his second ball, but before he obtained another he lost his companion, who was caught by Mr. G. Napper off Mynn, thus finishing the innings for 70

runs, leaving a total of 168. Wisden bowled this morning nine overs for four runs. In the innings Mr. Mynn bowled 25 overs for 37 runs, Wisden 23 for 23, and Mr. W. Napper 2 overs for 4 runs. Mynn bowled 8 maiden overs, and Wisden 13 in the innings.

The Gentlemen began their second innings by sending in Messrs. Smith and Fredericks. The former scored three singles, when Box caught him off Challen. Mr. W. Napper came in and scored a single, when he gave a chance to Challen at point, but it was missed. Mr. Fredericks soon after lost his wicket to Orsborn, with round the second put down to him; two wickets for 5 runs. Wisden took the vacant place, and the first hit he made he sent to the long leg man, Hodson, who fell after he had the ball in his hands, and let the ball drop, for which two were scored. Mr. Napper followed with a two, and then a boother; after scoring five more, and Wisden another single, Hodson took Wisden's end. Mr. W. Napper made another two, Wisden a two to the slip, and then a single in the same place. When the dinner bell rang 33 runs were obtained, with the loss of only two wickets.

After the repast Wisden began with a single, and Mr. W. Napper continued to play well, adding to his score some very fine hits. Wisden marked one more single, and then lost his wicket off Hodson, the ball dropping into Sopp's hand. Mr. Felix took the vacant place, but after scoring 10, was caught by Hodson from his own bowling. Mr. Mynn filled up the vacancy, and began with a three, then two singles, when he lost his companion, who was also sent to the right about by Hodson. Mr. E. Napper next came, but only scored a three before he was sent back, Evershed having caught him off Hodson; six wickets for 61 runs. Mr. Curteis retired with out adding to the score, his partner having obtained a two and two singles; making seven wickets down for 65 runs. Mr. Humphrey now joined the great man, and considerable life was put into the game by the fine hitting of both, who played in a most scientific manner, affording a rich treat to the overs of the game, the bowling and fielding being also first rate. It was at length thought advisable to make a change in the bowling, and Picknell was put on at Challen's end, and the second ball Mr. Humphrey made one of the finest hits seen for some time, scoring five, for which he received a round of applause; he followed it up with a single, and then a "boother," amid cries of "Bravo!" Mr. Mynn, after scoring 27 by two threes, three twos, and the remainder in singles, run out, Sopp, jun., returning the ball to Box in capital style, and the latter sending the stumps flat on the ground; eight wickets for 99 runs. Lord Winterton joined Mr. Humphrey; but in trying a second run for his partner was thrown out by Hammond. Mr. Barttelot came in again, the last man, there being 68 runs to get to tie. Mr. Barttelot scored a two, and Mr. Humphrey another three when a beautiful ball of Picknell's took Mr. Barttelot's bails, Box catching the ball, and pocketing it; the Players thus winning the match by 53 runs. In this innings Orsborn bowled 11 overs for 9 runs (4 maidens), Challen 32 for 45 runs (8 maidens), Hodson 26 overs for 38 runs (8 maidens), and Picknell 3 overs for 7 runs. Score:—

PLAYERS.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Sopp, b. Wisden.....	22	b. Mynn.....	13
Orsborn, b. Wisden.....	29	b. Wisden.....	7
Hodson, b. Wisden.....	17	c. Lord Winterton, b. Wisden...	2
Box, b. Wisden.....	10	b. Wisden.....	2
Hammond, b. Wisden.....	13	c. Wisden, b. Mynn.....	5
Picknell, b. Mynn.....	3	c. and b. Mynn.....	3
Gausden, c. Mynn, b. Wisden...	2	not out.....	1
Challen, c. Felix, b. W. Napper	21	c. W. Napper, b. Wisden.....	20
Challen, jun., run out.....	34	c. E. Napper, b. Mynn.....	8
Evershed, not out.....	17	b. Wisden.....	2
Sopp, jun., c. W. Napper, b. Wis-			
den.....	0	b. Mynn.....	1
Byes.....	15	Byes.....	6
Wide balls (Mynn 5, Wis-			
den 2).....	7	Wide balls.....	0
No ball.....	1	Total.....	70
Total.....	191		

GENTLEMEN.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Earl Winterton, b. Hodson.....	0	run out.....	0
H. M. Curteis, Esq., c. Picknell,			
b. Hodson.....	9	c. Hodson, b. Challen, jun.....	0
E. Napper, Esq., c. Sopp, b. Pick-			
nell.....	9	c. Evershed, b. Hodson.....	3
A. Mynn, Esq., b. Challen, jun.....	28	c. and b. Hodson.....	10
N. Felix, b. Challen, jun.....	13	c. Sopp, sen., b. Hodson.....	8
Wisden, st. Box, b. Hodson.....	15		
W. Napper, Esq., c. Hammond,			
b. Challen, jun.....	6	b. Hodson.....	21
W. J. Humphrey, Esq., run out.	3	not out.....	25
Smith, E. q., not out.....	2	c. Box, b. Challen, jun.....	3
F. Fredericks, Esq., b. Challen,			
jun.....	0	b. Orsborn.....	0
D. B. Barttelot, Esq., b. Hodson.	2	b. Picknell.....	2
Byes.....	2	Bye.....	1
Wide balls (Orsborn 2, Pick-			
nell 1).....	3	Wide balls (Hodson 1, Ors-	
		born 2, Challen 1).....	4
Total.....	93	Total.....	105

CARD.

MRS. BAILEY, having returned from Baltimore to reside in New York, begs to announce that she is prepared to undertake the instruction of Pupils in Vocal Music. Card of address, &c., at the Music Stores. [Oct. 1m]

MANAGER WANTED.

TO TAKE CHARGE OF A WHEAT, CORN, AND CLOVER PLANTATION, in North Carolina. None need apply but with the following essentials. Good recommendations, a practical familiarity with modern principles of agriculture, activity and energy in forwarding the owner's interests. Salary from \$200 to \$350, exclusive of a house, one servant, horse to ride, a support from plantation supplies, such as flour, meat, meal, etc. An intelligent Scotch farmer, with small family, preferable. Apply to the Editor of the Cultivator, or to H. K. BURGWIN, Halifax, N. C. Sept. 23—1m

EDUCATION.

REV. R. T. HUDDART'S CLASSICAL SCHOOL, 22 East Fourteenth street, (between University Place and Fifth Avenue.) Circulars can be obtained at the School, or from C. Henry Edwards, at the office of the Nautilus Insurance Company, 29 Wall street. TWO Private Pupils, from the ages of 14 to 18, will be received into Mr. H.'s family. For terms, apply at his residence as above. (Sept. 18—4t.)

BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

A VEGETABLE AND UNIVERSAL MEDICINE.

Ship Fever, Dysentery, etc., etc.—May not all sickness be a deficiency of some vital principle of the blood? Or, may not certain conditions be necessary to enable the blood to become the recipient of oxygen, so that its discarbonizing power shall be sustained in full vigor? It is probably the want of these influences may be the occasion of "Ship Fever," and all fevers of the Typhoid character; and of Cholera Morbus and Dysentery diseases generally. In fact it may be only modifications of these same influences, which occasion all other diseases; showing the great probability of the unity of disease. The people should think of these things.

In "Ship Fever" the pulse ranges from 45 to 55 beats in a minute, and sometimes lower still; in such a state of the circulation, there must be constantly accumulating those particles which are analogous to those found in the dead body. And in all cases where the circulation is impeded, or where from any cause the blood is prevented from throwing off the usual quantity of carbon, we find that a Dysenteric stage supervenes, the bowels in these cases endeavoring to do the work of the lungs. Instead of astringents, nature should be assisted in endeavours to cleanse the system, and the blood, of these retained impurities. And unless this course is followed, there is no other condition for the body but death. It is in circumstances like these, that the "Brandreth Pills" are so important; because of their vitalizing qualities; because of their purifying powers; because, while they cleanse the system, they impart life; because they go at once to the seat of the disease and produce just the kind of action the body wants to strengthen and to save.

It may not be unwise to go into an inquiry respecting the originating causes of these contagious maladies. During the putrefaction of animal and vegetable bodies, certain substances are generated which act as deadly poisons to man; especially to the Caucasian, or white-skinned family of mankind. The exhalation or vapors from swamps, from grave-yards, and from all putrefactive material, and from large congregations of living beings confined in a small space for a considerable period, are known to hold in solution sulphuretted hydrogen. This gas is so deadly in its nature that one part only to five hundred parts of atmospheric air, is destructive, is instant death, to a white man. And herein is, perhaps, the reason of the great mortality to the white-skinned race on the shores of Africa. The time may not be distant, however, when an antidote may be used in the shape of Brandreth's Pills, and an outward application to the skin, which shall render the absorption less, nearer to what it is in the negro, which shall make those shores no more fatal than our own prairies to the pioneer of the West. Three or four hundred men are congregated in the hold of a ship, where thirty or forty only ought to be. The first effect is a want of vitality in the air; the second effect and a consequence of the first is, that exhalations arise from these now diseased human beings, which is charged with, say one part of sulphuretted hydrogen gas in two thousand parts of atmospheric air. The third result is a consequence of the two first; it is low fever, in those whose vital powers are weakest, and the causes continuing, the fever puts on a more decided typhoid character, until the peculiar symptoms seen in Camp, in Gaol and Ship Fevers, are fully established.

To prevent this disease on board ship, there must be less people congregated together; and greater care must be had to ensure cleanliness and thorough ventilation. Chloride of lime should be provided by the shipowners, which should be sprinkled about the hold daily.

Particular Symptoms of Ship Fever.—Lowness of spirits, foreboding of some calamity; pain in the small of the back; pain in the head; vertigo, and occasional vomiting; heavy pain on the right side extending upward to the nipple; the skin hot and dry; belly bound; stools, if any, dark color; tongue furred, sometimes mahogany colored; teeth covered with sordes; great thirst; pulse from 40 to 55. These symptoms are the same as in Typhus Fever, except that the pulse in the latter is sometimes as high as 120 beats a minute in the first stage.

The Cure.—So soon as any of the above symptoms show themselves, immediately take four or six of Brandreth's Pills; they must be taken every few hours until they purge freely, and afterwards once or twice a day till the stools are of a natural color and odour, and the tongue clean. The pulse will be raised by this course and the strength improved. The same directions are applicable to dysentery, whether alone or a consequence of Ship Fever. In all dysenteric cases, or where the bowels are much affected, let gum water be drunk often. In this complaint, and in Ship Fever, and in all diseases in which Brandreth's Pills are used as the medicine, drink bouaset, balm, catnip, or sage teas. These may be drunk cold or hot. Cold always when preferred. Toast and water is also very good. It is important, however, that some of the above teas be drunk.

In cholera morbus and dysentery, or cholice, when there is great pain of the bowels, take two or three pills every few minutes with peppermint water, mint tea, or even brandy, until an operation is evidently procured from the pills; afterward the pain will soon moderate. And in a few hours, so great a change for the better will have taken place, as to be the occasion of great cause of thankfulness. The pills should be taken afterward every night for a few nights, say three or four going to bed, until health is fully restored.

A Prevention for all Contagious Diseases is found in Brandreth's Pills. For this purpose they should be used in doses sufficient to purge freely once or twice a week. They cleanse that out of the system on which the very miners of the contagion fixes itself. The bowels and blood are thus kept pure; Brandreth's Pills are truly the safety valve of Disease.

Free of Charge.—"Vegetable Purgation," a pamphlet of 18 pages, is given to all who will call for it, free of charge, at Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office, 241 Broadway, New York, where the Pills are sold at 25 cents per box, with full directions. Also, at 274 Bowery, 241 Hudson st., N. Y.; Mrs. Booth, 5 Market street, Brooklyn; 45 Atlantic street, South Brooklyn; James Wilson, Jersey City; J. S. Kenyon, Harlem; E. Wisner, corner Broad and Commerce streets, Newark; J. F. Randolph, New Brunswick, N. J.

N. B. There is no surity that you get Brandreth's Pills unless you purchase only of the duly authorized Agents.

Be careful of counterfeit Pills. All persons should be careful to purchase at Dr. Brandreth's office, or of the regular appointed agents. They would thus ensure themselves the genuine article, otherwise they may get a counterfeit, as a new one has recently been offered in this city. [Aug. 21]

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, August 3d, 1847.—To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York: Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the next general election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

STATE.—A Secretary of State, Comptroller, State Treasurer, Attorney General, State Engineer and Surveyor, Three Canal Commissioners, and Three Inspectors of State Prisons.

DISTRICT.—One Senator for the Third Senate District, consisting of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Wards of the City of New York; One Senator for the Fourth Senate District, consisting of the Seventh, Tenth, Thirteenth and Seventeenth Wards of the said city; One Senator for the Fifth Senate District, consisting of the Eighth, Ninth and Fourteenth Wards of the said city; and One Senator for the Sixth Senate District, consisting of the Eleventh, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Eighteenth Wards of the said city.

COUNTY.—Also the following officers for the said City and County, to wit:—Sixteen Members of Assembly—One to be elected in each Assembly District.

Yours, respectfully, N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New York, August 5th, 1847.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided. J. J. V. WESTERVELT, Sheriff of the City and County of New York. All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Revised Stat., vol. 1, chap. 6, title 3, article 3d, part 1st., page 140. [Aug. 14]

GENUINE BEAR'S OIL.

IT is well known that the brain is "the seat of thought, feeling, and consciousness," to use the expression of an eminent physiologist; and it is also an ascertained fact that extraordinary activity of the cranial organs affects very seriously the external covering which nature designed for them—that graceful ornament, the hair. Very close attention to business, or to any particular subject, therefore is frequently the cause of capillary weakness, and ultimately of baldness. In such cases the GENUINE BEAR'S OIL is of value beyond all price; and yet the large bottles cost only 25 cents. Spurious imitations of this oil are generally of the worst tendency, being mostly composed of Sweet Oil, or some of the other vegetable oils; which, by their nature, unnatural to the growth of an animal substance so delicate as the hair, clogs the pores without fertilizing the roots, and leave the hair after their application more harsh and dry than it was before. See, therefore, that you obtain REAL Bear's Oil, which you may always be assured of by purchasing only such as is perfumed and prepared for the toilet by HENRY JOHNSON, (successor to A. B. Sands & Co.) Chemist and Druggist, 273 Broadway, in the Granite Building, cor. Chamber st.

Every bottle of the genuine has the name of HENRY JOHNSON on the seal or label. (Sept. 18—3m*)

CLOVE ANODYNE TOOTH-ACHE DROPS.

AGREEABLE to the taste and smell—never injuring the teeth, gums, or palate in any way,—but making no compromise with that "awful scourge of human gums," the Tooth-ache—this extraordinary anodyne has the strongest claims to public notice. Although it has already been beneficial in thousands of instances, yet the proprietor is confident that thousands more are constantly suffering from ignorance of the great remedy. Let all good men, therefore, spread the joyful intelligence that the celebrated CLOVE ANODYNE DROPS cure the Tooth-ache, when carefully applied in one minute!

Prepared by HENRY JOHNSON, Chemist, 273 Broadway, in the granite building, cor. Chamber street; sold also by all respectable druggists in the United States. Price 25 cents.

See that you be not cheated by unprincipled dealers with some worthless compound of their own make. Examine the wrappers on the vial, and buy such as have the signature of HENRY JOHNSON. (Sept. 18—3m*)

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BLANC MANGE, Jellies, Creams, Custards, Charlotte Russe, Puddings, Syrups, Sauces, &c., &c. Highly concentrated Extract of Vanilla, Lemon, Peach, Rose, Citron, Butter Almond, and Orange. Also Rose Water, Peach and Orange Flower Waters for flavoring all kinds of Confections. Cooks and Confectioners have universally preferred these Extracts on account of their great strength and flavor.

A teaspoonful is sufficient to flavor a quart. Put up in vials at 25 cents each. Prepared by HENRY JOHNSON, Chemist, 273 Broadway, (west side) in the Granite Building. (Sept. 18—3m)

AMBROSIAL TOOTH PASTE.

FOR cleaning the Teeth and Gums, and communicating an agreeable odor to the Breath, this Ambrosial Paste, compound oforris and other fragrant ingredients, has been acknowledged far superior to any other dentifrice. Being compounded of astringent materials, it hardens the gums and makes them adhere more firmly to the teeth, thereby assisting materially in preserving the latter from premature decay. The Paste also combines anti-putrescent and detergent properties in an eminent degree, and its frequent use is a sure means of keeping the breath and mouth in a sweet and healthy condition.

Prepared and sold by HENRY JOHNSON, Chemist and Druggist, 273 Broadway, in the Granite Building, corner of Chamber street. (Sept. 18—3m*)

ROMAN EYE BALSAM.

THERE are few bodily ailments more distressing in their nature than inflammation of the eyes, accompanied or succeeded by defective vision. Anything which can remove these evils must therefore be regarded as a boon, of which the value is not to be estimated in dollars and cents. The ROMAN EYE BALSAM, prepared by HENRY JOHNSON, is such a boon. Its merits have been tested by long experience, as thousands have derived unspeakable benefit from its application. Many patients, after suffering from inflammation for years, have been completely cured by using this delightful salve. The redness and watery humor have gradually disappeared from their eyes, and they have ultimately been enabled to read with pleasure the smallest print by candle light. Price 25 cents a jar, with ample directions for use.

Prepared and sold by HENRY JOHNSON, Chemist, 273 Broadway, cor. Chamber-st. (Sept. 18—3m*)

GEORGE CONRAD,
BOOT MAKER,
No. 27 Merchants' Exchange, Hanover street,
NEW YORK.

Sept. 18]

PRIVATE CLASSES IN FRENCH.

A. BASSET, PROFESSOR OF FRENCH AND LITERATURE, will organize his Evening Classes in French on the 8th instant, or thereabout, at his residence, 364 Broadway, entrance in Franklin st. His method of teaching will relieve the Pupil of two hours study on each lesson. The construction of the language compared with the English, will be given without studying rules, exceptions, notes, etc., etc. For farther particulars, on application, all will be explained.

The Members of the Mechanics' Institute will be received on the usual terms, by showing their certificate.

A CLASS FOR LADIES IN THE AFTERNOON.

Those who wish to join a Conversation Class, will find one already formed.

N. B.—AN EVENING CLASS FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, is already formed at 101 East Broadway, for those who live in that vicinity, at the residence of Dr. Breed.

Sept. 4—6t

NATIONAL LOAN FUND**LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF LONDON.**

"A SAVINGS BANK FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WIDOW AND THE ORPHAN."

(EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.)

CAPITAL £500,000, sterling, or \$2,500,000.

Besides a reserve fund (from surplus premium) of about \$185,000.

(Part of the Capital is invested in the United States.)

T. LAMIE MURRAY, Esq., George-st. Hanover-square,

Chairman of the Court of Directors in London.

UNITED STATES BOARD OF LOCAL DIRECTORS—(Chief Office for America, 74 Wall-st.)—New York—Jacob Harvey, Esq., Chairman; John J. Palmer, Esq., Jonathan Goodhue, Esq., James Boorman, Esq., George Barclay, Esq., Samuel S. Howland, Esq.,

Gorham A. Worth, Esq., Samuel M. Fox, Esq., William Van Hook, Esq., and C. Edward Habicht, Esq.

EDWARD T. RICHARDSON, Esq., General Accountant.

Pamphlets, blank forms, tables of rates, lists of agents, &c. &c. obtained at the Chief Office 74 Wall-st., or from either of the Agents throughout the United States, and British North American Colonies.

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent
for the United States and B. N. A. Colonies.

(Sept. 5.)

New York, Sept. 5th 1847.

SWIMMING BATH, DESBROSSES ST.; CROTON BATH, ASTOR HOUSE;
SWIMMING BATH, BATTERY.

The above Baths are now open. Warm water is a healthful stimulant; it at once makes clean and strong, and those who use it will recognise its excellent influence in freedom from physical weakness and mental depression. Physicians are unanimous in commending it as alike purifying and health-promoting; and differing from their usual custom, as regards large doses, not only prescribe these Warm and Cold Baths for their patients, but actually take them themselves. July 17.

LAP-WELDED BOILER FLUES.

16 FEET LONG, AND FROM 1 1-2 INCHES TO 5 INCHES DIAMETER,

Can be obtained only of the Patentee.

THOS. PROSSER,

April.

28 Platt Street, N. Y.

AMERICAN AND FRENCH SHIRT DEPOT.

THE AMERICAN AND FRENCH SHIRT DEPOT, 69 NASSAU STREET, one door above Maiden Lane, where SHIRTS of every style are made to order, and which, for elegance of fit and neatness of workmanship, cannot be excelled. And we are determined to merit the approbation of the public, by giving them a superior article at a reasonable price. A large assortment of ready made Shirts, Collars, and Bosoms always on hand.

18-3m]

MRS. C. CLARKE, Manager.

FLOWERS, BOQUETS, &c.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, corner of Broadway and 28th street, N. Y., has always on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. BOQUETS of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N. B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order Gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places, by applying to Wm. Laird. Ap. 30-4f.

PHRENOLOGISTS AND PUBLISHERS,
FOWLER & WELLS,
131 Nassau-st. N. Y.

May

PRESERVE YOUR HAIR.

WHILE you have it, it is too late after it has fallen off—(the advertisement of Emperie's to the contrary notwithstanding.) The Medical Faculty recommend Camm's Spanish Lustral Hair Preservative as the best article yet known for that purpose. A. B. & D. Sands are the agents in New York.

N. B.—None genuine without the name of T. W. CAMM blown in the bottle.

[Jy 10-1y*]

J. CONRAD,

FIRST PREMIUM BOOT MAKER,

No. 56 Market Street and No. 5 Ann Street,

June 19*-1y.]

NEW YORK

MAXIMILIAN RADER, 46 Chatham Street, N.Y., Dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. LEAF TOBACCO for SEGAR Manufacturers, and Manufactured Tobacco constantly on hand. July 7-1y.

THE MANUAL OF CRICKET.

COMPRISING the Laws of the Game, some account of its history, and of the progressive improvements made therein, Directions and Instructions in the Practice and Play of the manly and athletic Exercise, and suggestions as to Variations and Applications of it, so as to afford satisfactory recreation to small numbers of players. The whole being intended as a complete Cricketer's Guide. With numerous Illustrations, Embellishments, and diagrams. By Alex. D. Paterson.

By way of appendix to this work, there will be added the body and everything important of "Felix on the Bat."

N. B.—Booksellers will be supplied on reasonable terms, by applying to Berford & Co. Astor House, Broadway.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE Subscriber is constantly receiving fresh supplies of every description of the above well known popular Pens. A large stock is constantly kept on hand, consisting of patent, Manum Bonum, Damascus and double Damascus barrel Pen; Principality, each extra fine, fine medium points; Caligraphic, (Illustrated cards). Peruvian, New York Fountain, Ladies' Patent Prince Albert, Queen's Own, Baronial, Victoria, and School Pens, on cards and in boxes of one gross each. Together with an excellent article for School use, the Collegiate Pen and the Croton Pen, (on illustrated cards and in boxes,) which possesses strength, elasticity, and fineness of point, admirably suited to light and rapid hands. Very cheap Pens in boxes; holden of every description; all of which are offered at low rates, and the attention of purchasers are solicited, by

HENRY JESSOP, Importer, 91 John-st. o

cor. of Gold

LAMPS, GIRANDOLES, HALL LANTERNS AND CHANDELIER.**DEITZ, BROTHER & CO.**

WASHINGTON STORES, No. 139 WILLIAM-ST.

ARE MANUFACTURING AND HAVE ALWAYS ON HAND, a full assortment of articles in their line, of the following descriptions, which they will sell at wholesale or retail prices, for cash:—

Solar Lamps—Gilt, Bronze and Silvered, in great variety.

Suspended Solars, do. do.

Bracket Solars, do. do.

Solar Chandeliers, do. do., 2, 3 and 4 lights.

Suspended Camphene Lamps; Brackets do do

Side, do. do.

Camphene Chandeliers—2, 3, and 4 lights.

Girandoles—Gilt, Silvered and Bronzed, various patterns.

Hall Lanterns—Various sizes, with cut or stained glass.

May

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S**LEFT-OFF WARDROBE AND FURNITURE WANTED.**

THE highest price can be obtained by Ladies and Gentlemen who wish to dispose of their left-off wardrobe and furniture. By sending a line to the subscriber's residence, through the Post Office, it will be promptly attended to.

J. LEVENSTYN, 466 Broadway, up-stairs.

Ladies can be attended to by Mrs. J. Levenstyn.

Jy 4-1y.

CALEDONIA SPRINGS.

THE CANADA HOUSE.—The subscriber, in expressing his obligation for the very liberal patronage he received during the preceding summer, begs to inform the Public that "THE CANADA HOUSE" is again OPENED by him, for the reception of Visitors; and he most respectfully solicits a continuance of their patronage. He assures them that he will spare no pains to add to their comfort, health, and recreation.

Since the close of the last season, the house and grounds have undergone many important alterations and improvements, which, it is hoped, will add to the comfort and convenience of Visitors. The Dining-room has been considerably enlarged, and the Bar removed from the house.

The Subscriber is happy to state that MISS MURRAY, whose attention to visitors is so well known, will still remain at the Springs.

The Caledonia Springs present the great advantage of a variety of Medicinal Waters, acknowledged by the most eminent of the Faculty to be, each of their kind, unrivalled in their efficacy for the cure of diseases, and invigorating qualities.

The Salt and Sulphur Baths are in full operation, from the use of which the most extraordinary benefits have been derived.

The Stages will leave Montreal every Morning, (Sundays excepted) and arrive at the Springs in the Evening.

The charges at the Canada House will be the same as last year, namely:—

By the Month - - - - - £6 0 0

By the Week - - - - - 1 15 0

By the Day - - - - - 0 6 6

June 12—131s]

H. CLIFTON.

BOGLE'S HYPERION FLUID,

FOR PROMOTING THE GROWTH AND EMBELLISHING THE HAIR, STANDS unrivalled; and is now the only article used by those who value a good head of hair. It is alike efficacious in exterminating scurf and dandruff; and the beautifying lustre it gives to the hair, ensures its success at the toilet of every lady of fashion. For further particulars see pamphlet, containing certificates from some of the most eminent physicians, &c., to be had of his agents throughout the United States and Canada, among which are the following:—

AGENTS.—E. Mason, Portland; W. R. Preston, Portsmouth; Carleton & Co., and J. C. Ayer, Lowell; B. K. Bliss, Springfield; D. Scott, Jr. & Co., Worcester; J. R. & C. Thornton, and Dr. Cadwell, New Bedford; R. J. Taylor, Newport, Mass.; A. B. & D. Sands, 100 Fulton St., 273 Broadway, and 77 East Broadway, N. Y.; E. Trevett & Son, Poughkeepsie; G. Dexter, Albany; Dr. Hiemstreet, Troy; T. Hunt, Auburn; Wm. Pitken, Rochester; G. H. Fish, Saratoga; Tolman & Williams, Syracuse; L. Kelley, Geneva; E. S. Barnum & Son, Utica; Wm. Coleman, Buffalo; Seth G. Hance, Druggist, and William H. A. Myers, Hair Dresser, Baltimore, Md.; J. W. Kneeland & Co., 127 Canal St., New Orleans, La; and other places.

(G) A treatise on the Anatomy and Physiology of the Hair, with directions for preserving the same, &c., accompanies each bottle of "the Hyperion."

WILLIAM BOGLE,

First Premium Ventilating and Gossamer Wig Maker, No. 225 Washington St., Boston.

Jy 10-1y*]

PIANOFORTE, SINGING, ETC.

A LADY eminently qualified, is desirous of teaching a few more pupils on the PIANO-FORTE and in SINGING; also the GUITAR. Pupils taught at their own or her residence. Terms moderate. For particulars, apply at No. 147 Chambers street. [August 14 *

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, VIZ:

Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obsolete Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples or Pustules on the Face, blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ringworm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica or Lumbago, and Ascites or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders.

THE value of this preparation is now widely known, and every day the field of its usefulness is extending. It is approved and highly recommended by Physicians, and is admitted to be the most powerful and searching preparation from the root that has ever been employed in medical practice. It is not local in its operation, but general, extending through the whole system. It neutralizes the poisonous elements in the blood, and restores a healthy tone to the organs which generate the fluid.

It is put up in a highly concentrated form for convenience and portability, and when diluted according to the directions, each bottle will make six times the quantity, equal to one quart, and is then superior in medicinal value to the various preparations bearing the name.

New York, April 26, 1847.

Messrs. Sands—Gentlemen:—Having long been afflicted with general debility, weakness, loss of appetite, &c., and receiving no benefit from the various remedies prescribed, I concluded about three months since to make use of your *Sarsaparilla*. I now have the pleasure of informing you that its effects have been attended with the happiest results in restoring my health, and am induced to add my testimony to the many others you already possess of its merits, and to those desiring further information, I will personally give the particulars of my case, and the effects of this invaluable medicine, by calling at 285 Bowery, New York.

Yours, respectfully,
JANET MCINTOSH.

This is to certify that Miss Janet McIntosh is known to me as a member of the Church, in good standing, and worthy of confidence.
J. S. SPENCER, Pastor of 2d Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn.

Still further proof of its value and efficacy in a severe case of Rheumatism. The following was handed to our Agent at Kingston:

Kingston, Canada West, June 16, 1846.
I hereby certify that I have been afflicted with Rheumatism of the most painful kind for nearly four years. When severely attacked I suffered the most intense pain, sometimes commencing at my stomach and then quickly changing to my head, back, and other parts of my body. I have had most of my teeth drawn, because of the torture experienced from the pain which settled in them. I could not sleep at night, and obtained but little sleep during the day. I applied to various physicians, but received no benefit, and was given up by the as incurable. At last, when every thing else had failed, I was shown an advertisement for a medicine called *Sands' Sarsaparilla*, which I thought would suit my case. I immediately procured a bottle, and to my unspeakable joy it produced almost instant relief. I continued to use it, and have now taken six bottles, which has effected almost a perfect cure. I would most earnestly recommend all who suffer from a like affliction to use this valuable medicine.
SARAH ANN ECCLES.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of Agents gratis.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, corner of William, New York.

Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal; John Musson, Quebec; Chas. Brent, Kingston; S. F. Urquhart, Toronto; T. Bickle, Hamilton; Elliott and Thornton, Dundas; and by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle. Six bottles for \$5.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is *Sands' Sarsaparilla* that has been and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject; therefore ask for *Sands' Sarsaparilla*, and take no other.

ENCYCLOPÆDIAS, DICTIONARIES, ETC.,

FOR SALE BY E. BALDWIN.

1. The Encyclopedia Britannica. Edited by Prof. Napier. Seventh Edition. 21 vols. 4to., half Russia.
2. The Encyclopedia Americana. Edited by Francis Keiber. A New Edition. 14 vols. bound in sheep.
3. The Penny Cyclopædia, and Supplement of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. 16 vols., half bound in Russia.
4. The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge. Now publishing in London in Monthly Parts. Parts 1 to 6 already published.
5. The Cyclopædia of English Literature. Edited by Wm. and Robert Chambers. 2 vols. 8vo., cloth.
6. The Farmers' Library, and Cyclopædia of Rural Affairs. Edited by Charles Knight. Illustrated with Colored Engravings. Parts 1 to 4 published; to be continued monthly.
7. Dictionary of Dates and Universal Reference, relating to all ages and nations from the Earliest Account to the Present Time. Third Edition; to which is added a copious Index of Leading Names. By Joseph Haydn.
8. A General Dictionary of Painters, containing Memoirs of the Lives and Works of the most Eminent Professors of the Art of Painting. By Matthew Pilkington. A New Edition, revised and corrected, by Allan Cunningham.
9. Illustrations of British History, Biography, and Manners, during the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, and James I. By Edward Lodge. 3 vols. 8vo., cloth.

For sale, (Wholesale and Retail),
BY EDMUND BALDWIN, 155 BROADWAY, cor. of Warren St.
July 17-18.

WEST'S PATENT RANGES.

THE Subscriber having made extensive improvements in his Ranges during the last year now offers them to the public as the most complete in the market. Each Range having six holes for pots, &c., and two ovens, which cannot be surpassed by any brick oven in use, in fact, they are partly composed of brick; in front roasting can be carried on in the best manner. The back of the range is fitted up with a *water-back* for heating water for baths, washing, &c., &c., and, upon the whole, it is the most complete arrangement ever got up for cooking.

Copper Boilers made under the subscribers personal superintendence, and finished with great care, will be warranted to be superior to boilers usually sold for such purposes. Utensils of all kinds, for all patterns of ranges, constantly on hand, or made to order.
Jy 10-12.

WM. WEST, 133 Hudson St., New York.

THE PLUMBE NATIONAL DAGUERRIAN GALLERY.

251 BROADWAY, UPPER COR. MURRAY ST.

Instituted in 1840.

TWO PATENTS GRANTED UNDER GREAT SEAL OF THE U. S. AWARDED THE GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS, FOUR FIRST PREMIUMS, and TWO HIGHEST HONORS, at the NATIONAL, the MASSACHUSETTS, the NEW YORK, and the PENNSYLVANIA EXHIBITIONS, respectively, for the MOST SPLENDID COLOURED DAGUERREOTYPES, AND BEST APPARATUS. Portraits taken in any weather in exquisite style.

Apparatus and Stock, wholesale and retail.
Instruction given in the Art.
Jly. 25-18.

TAPSCOTT'S GENERAL EMIGRATION, AND FOREIGN EXCHANGE OFFICE.

PASSAGE FROM, AND DRAFTS TO, ALL PARTS OF ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. Persons wishing to send for their friends, in any part of the Old Country, will find the subscriber's arrangements for 1847, most complete, and calculated in every way to ensure satisfaction to all who may make arrangements with them to bring their friends across the Atlantic. The subscribers are agents for

THE NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.
QUEEN OF THE WEST - 1300 tons. ROSCIUS - 1200 tons.
LIVERPOOL - " SIDONS - "
HOTTINGER - " SHERIDAN - "
ROCHESTER - " GARRICK - "

The above magnificent packets are all new York built ships of the very first class, built expressly for the Liverpool passenger trade, and fitted up with special regard for the comfort and convenience of passengers; they are commanded by men of experience, and are not surpassed for speed by any ships afloat. Their sailing days from Liverpool are on the 6th and 11th of every month, on which days they leave punctually.

In addition to the above splendid ships, the subscribers are also Agents for the ST. GEORGE'S and the UNION LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS, composed in part of the following favourite and well-known ships, viz.: "The America," St. George, Empire, St. Patrick, Rappahannock, Marmion, Sea, &c., &c., which, together with the new line, make six ships per month, or one every five days, from Liverpool; thus preventing the possibility of delay at that port. Passage from any part of Ireland to Liverpool, can be secured at the lowest rates. Every information given by applying to

W. & J. T. TAPSCOTT, 86 South-st.

2d door below Burling Slip.

Drafts supplied for any amount from \$1, upwards, payable throughout the United Kingdom.
Feb. 27.]

LONDON LINE OF PACKETS.

To sail on the 1st, 8th, 16th and 24th of every Month.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following Ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from NEW YORK on the 1st, 8th, 16th and 24th of every month, from LONDON on the 5th, 13th, 21st and 28th, and from PORTSMOUTH on the 1st, 8th, 16th and 24th of every month throughout the year, viz.:-

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.		From Portsmouth.	
		May 8, Sept. 8, Jan. 8	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	May 8, Sept. 8, Jan. 8	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1
Northumberland,	R. H. Griswold,	16, 16, 16	8, 8, 8	16, 16, 16	8, 8, 8
St. James,	Isaiah Pratt,	24, 24, 24	16, 16, 16	24, 24, 24	16, 16, 16
Toronto,	A. T. Fletcher,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	24, 24, 24	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	24, 24, 24
Switzerland,	Dan. Lee Stark,	8, 8, 8	8, 8, 8	8, 8, 8	8, 8, 8
Mediator,	J. H. Williams,	16, 16, 16	16, 16, 16	16, 16, 16	16, 16, 16
Quebec,	E. E. Morgan,	24, 24, 24	24, 24, 24	24, 24, 24	24, 24, 24
Victoria,	W. K. Bradish,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	24, 24, 24	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	24, 24, 24
Independence,	G. Moore,	8, 8, 8	8, 8, 8	8, 8, 8	8, 8, 8
Hendrick Hudson,	C. Chadwick,	16, 16, 16	16, 16, 16	16, 16, 16	16, 16, 16
Wellington,	E. G. Tinker,	24, 24, 24	24, 24, 24	24, 24, 24	24, 24, 24
Margaret Evans,	F. R. Meyer,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	24, 24, 24	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	24, 24, 24
Prince Albert,	J. M. Chadwick,	8, 8, 8	8, 8, 8	8, 8, 8	8, 8, 8
American Eagle,	Dan. Chadwick,	16, 16, 16	16, 16, 16	16, 16, 16	16, 16, 16
Sir Robert Peel,	H. R. Hovey,	24, 24, 24	24, 24, 24	24, 24, 24	24, 24, 24
Westminster,	R. L. Bunting,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	24, 24, 24	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	24, 24, 24
Gladstone,					

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of Cabin passage is now fixed at \$75 outward for each adult, without Wines and Liquors. Neither the Captains nor Owners of these Packets will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. Apply to

JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st.

GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N. York.

BARING, BROTHERS & CO., in London.

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

TO SAIL from NEW YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each month:-

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.		From Liverpool.	
		Sept. 26th.	Nov. 11.	Nov. 11.	Feb. 11.
SHERIDAN,	F. A. Depeyster,	Oct. 26th.	Nov. 11.	Nov. 11.	Feb. 11.
GARRICK,	B. I. H. Trask,	Nov. 26th.	Jan. 11.	Jan. 11.	Feb. 11.
ROSCIOUS,	Asa Eldridge,	Dec. 26th.	Feb. 11.	Feb. 11.	Feb. 11.
SIDONS,	E. B. Cobb,	Dec. 26th.	Feb. 11.	Feb. 11.	Feb. 11.

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the City of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains nor owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels, or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage apply to

E. K. COLLINS & Co., 56 South Street, N.Y., or to

BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co., Liverpool.

Letters by the Packets will be charged 12 1/2 cents per single sheet, 60 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all Advertisements not in their names of the Liverpool Packets, viz.:-the ROSCIUS, SIDONS, SHERIDAN and GARRICK. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them.
My 24-18.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:-

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.		From Liverpool.	
		Mar. 11, July 11, Nov. 11.	Apr. 26, Aug. 26, Dec. 26.	Apr. 26, Aug. 26, Dec. 26.	May 26, Sep. 26, Jan. 26.
Waterloo,	W. H. Allen,	Apr. 11, Aug. 11, Dec. 11.	May 26, Sep. 26, Jan. 26.	May 26, Sep. 26, Jan. 26.	May 26, Sep. 26, Jan. 26.
John R. Skiddy,	James C. Luce,	May 11, Sep. 11, Jan. 11.	June 26, Oct. 26, Feb. 26.	June 26, Oct. 26, Feb. 26.	June 26, Oct. 26, Feb. 26.
Stephen Whitney,	C. W. Popham,	June 11, Oct. 11, Feb. 11.	July 26, Nov. 26, Mar. 26.	July 26, Nov. 26, Mar. 26.	July 26, Nov. 26, Mar. 26.
Virginian,	F. P. Allen,	June 11, Oct. 11, Feb. 11.	July 26, Nov. 26, Mar. 26.	July 26, Nov. 26, Mar. 26.	July 26, Nov. 26, Mar. 26.

These ships are of the first class, their accommodations being unsurpassed for room, elegance, and convenience. The reputation of their Commanders is well known, and every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of Passengers and the interests of Importers.

The Captains or Owners will not be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages, sent by them, unless Regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to

ROBERT KERMIT, 76 South Street.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 6th and from LIVERPOOL on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing falls on Sunday the Ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day.

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.		From Liverpool.	
Ashburton,	H. Hattleston,	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6.	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21.		
Patrick Henry,	J. C. Delano,	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6.	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21.		
Independence,	F. P. Allen,	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6.	April 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.		
Henry Clay,	Ezra Nye,	April 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6.	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21.		

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their Cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to

GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to

CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE OLD LINE OF PACKETS for LIVERPOOL will hereafter be despatched in following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz.:-

Ships.	Masters.	From New York.		From Liverpool.	
		June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16.	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16.
Oxford,	S. Yeaton,	16, 16, 16	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.	16, 16, 16	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1.	16, 16, 16	16, 16, 16	16, 16, 16
Montezuma, new	A. W. Lowber,	16, 16, 16	16, 16, 16	16, 16, 16	16, 16, 16
Fiducia, new	W. G. Hackstaff,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.	16, 16, 16	16, 16, 16	16, 16, 16
Europe,	E. G. Furber,	16, 16, 16	16, 16, 16	16, 16, 16	16, 16, 16
New York,	T. B. Cropper,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.	16, 16, 16	16, 16, 16	16, 16, 16
Columbia, new	J. Rathbone,	16, 16, 16	16, 16, 16	16, 16, 16	16, 16, 16
Yorkshire, new	D. G. Bailey,	16, 16, 16	16, 16, 16	16, 16, 16	16, 16, 16

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